New Hampshire and Massachusetts *Ken Bode*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
February 21, 1976

Scrambled Eggs

Jerry Ford sits there at the middle of the long white table in the State Dining Room of the White House having breakfast and making points quietly. Reporters—about 40 of them—try to eat scrambled eggs and take notes at the same time. God help the man whose ballpoint fails. It is all very polite and friendly and two subtle games are in progress simultaneously. Reporters are courteously trying to provoke the President into saying something derogatory about Ronald Reagan that will make the headlines; they fail. Mr. Ford is trying to draw a line between himself and the Democratic Congress—on Angola, on the economy, on welfare, on administrative efficiency; he succeeds, at least to some degree. At one point he unexpectedly volunteers that, on Angola, Congress has backed away from a needed test of will; "They lost their guts!" he says.

This is a surprisingly tough statement for a man not given to vivid hyperbole. Mr. Ford is normally low-keyed but sometimes he gestures mildly. The right hand punches out the points, the left hand waves in quiet confirmation. Sometimes, when the emphasis is on the concept of "all," or "whole," Mr. Ford brings down both hands in opposing curves as though he were outlining a football. He is an attractive figure in his direct, decent way.

Ronald Reagan seems almost to have been invented to accentuate Mr. Ford's good points. He has flair and flamboyance, and a superficiality that is awe-inspiring. The President is dull and drab and dependable and does his homework. At present the two seem to be in a competition of conservatism.

Gov. Reagan may beat the President in the New Hampshire primary next week but it is hard to believe that the Republicans will ultimately throw away their chances and go down to defeat with an updated Goldwater. It is often argued that there are no differences between Ford and Reagan but this isn't quite correct. Mr. Ford believes in working out some accommodation with Panama, for example, over the Canal; Gov. Reagan just slaps his breast, says "It's ours," and runs up the American flag. "We bought it; we paid for it."

A reporter asks Mr. Ford about the Nixon trip to China. Nixon never told the President nor "Henry" about the trip, and the Chinese didn't consult them either. It turns out that the President calls Nixon up now and then—holidays, birthdays and times like that; it is just "conversations between two old friends." Reporters scribble hastily. Nixon and his trip to China they know are matters of acute embarrassment to the administration: they pull the scab off that old sore, the pardon.

Mr. Ford's views are dependable, perhaps, because he doesn't change them often. He tells a questioner now that the thing he regards as his greatest accomplishment, the thing he is most proud of, is the way he has run the economy. "We didn't panic, we didn't lose our cool; we did what we thought was right and the net result has been an economic recovery better and more rapid than we ourselves predicted."

We gasp a little. Seven and a half percent unemployment; for every percentage point the Treasury loses 17 billion dollars—three for unemployment compensation and 14 billion in taxes. If the rate were cut in half the federal budget would balance. A fifth of America's youth between 16 and 24 can't find jobs; in some cities 70 percent of the minority youth are idle. Mr. Ford's budget is designed to keep unemployment over 7 percent for another year. As Sen. Muskie said the other day, "Clearly, something is wrong in a system in which there is so much work to be done at the same time that there are so many people without work."

Mr. Ford honestly and vigorously doesn't believe in "made-work"; this is no time for WPA-type jobs, he told a meeting of Republican leaders from the Northeast states here last week. These jobs are just "temporary," he says; the only real way to create jobs "with a future" is to stimulate the private economy.

Gen. Eisenhower followed the same pre-Keynesian thinking and succeeded in having three recessions in eight years, a near-record; each time recovery got started he pulled the rug out from under it. There is the feeling now among economists that Mr. Ford may succeed in aborting this recovery, too, particularly if the Fed keeps the money supply throttled. Paul McCracken is no radical; he was head of the Nixon Council of Economic Advisers; he warns that the money supply isn't growing fast enough to support the modest recovery targeted by Mr. Ford. Others are anxious, too.

The administration may be right, of course, but its past record is scary: the crusade to *raise* taxes in December 1974, and the celebrated WIN buttons; then the quick switch in January, 1975, to *cut* taxes. The decision not to aid New York City, then to aid it. But it can always be said that at any given point the President is direct and determined.

Take Angola. Congress let him down. The situation recalls the final days of Vietnam when Mr. Ford entreated Congress for $722 million in additional military assistance for the South. A Gallup poll showed the public 78 percent against it. It seems eons ago, and yet it was only last spring, on April 10, that Mr. Ford made his hopeless appeal.

Now Congress has "lost its guts" once again, he says. Angola has slipped away from us. Mr. Ford repeats hopefully several times, however, that "Congress has learned its lesson . . . I happen to believe that Congress, having made one mistake won't make it again." He is earnest and sincere and the quick confirmatory gesture of his corroborative hands shows his conviction. He volunteers that "we have had 45 vetoes and we have been sustained, I think, on 39 of them—I think we are making some headway."

Headway? He implies that there is headway in persuading a wayward Democratic Congress to go along with him. Others have criticized him for his vetoes; he says comfortably that he believes it is "an all-time record."

Reporters depart, some of them wondering. There is no doubt that the President is a direct, likeable man. It is conceivable that the voters will elect him next fall. But is he aware of how many questions in life have two sides; how many problems are subtle—is he living in reality?

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The Concorde Earthquake

When the Concorde supersonic jet roared out of Dulles Airport near Washington, DC on a trial run in 1973, it made a distinct impression on the neighbors. One who lived 10 miles from the airport, Mrs. Rosemary Phalen, told a reporter that "My actual feeling was that a bomb was falling on the house." As the Concorde passed overhead, she snatched up her children and dived into the basement thinking the plane was about to crash. It didn't, of course. It was merely departing in standard fashion. A neighbor of Heathrow Airport near London described a similar feeling to a reporter of the London *Evening Standard* after hearing a Concorde take off in 1975. He said: "I was watching television when everything in the house started shaking. I am so used to planes flying over that I tend to switch off and not hear more than a drone. But this was something new. I couldn't hear the television three yards from me. The roar was so loud I covered my ears. It was genuinely scarifying."

If a decision made by Secretary of Transportation William Coleman on February 4 is not reversed, Concordes will soon be landing and taking off on a regular basis at two airports in the US—twice a day at Dulles in Virginia and four times a day at JFK in New York. Although Coleman described this arrangement as a "limited trial period" lasting 16 months, environmentalists and officials at the Environmental Protection Agency who opposed the decision are convinced that it is not a test at all, but a way of opening a gate to permit Concordes to come roaring into the US in ever increasing numbers. The unlucky people who live near those airports and who may never ride a Concorde (a round trip to London is expected to cost more than $1000) ought to read Coleman's decision. There he explains why he let the Concordes in. The bombardees-to-be may take comfort in the fact that the vibrations produced by Concorde, while violent, "do not present any danger of structural damage and little possibility of annoyance." It is true, Coleman wrote, that "for brief periods during a Concorde overflight the walls and floor of a building may vibrate slightly, but these vibrations will be barely perceptible. The greatest possibility of annoyance stems from the fact that vibration induced in walls may for a few seconds rattle hanging pictures and dishes and other items which may be standing loose on shelves." But then who in an airport neighborhood would have anything of value on a shelf or a wall?

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Coleman gave his assurance that he'd seen no evidence that anyone's house would be shaken apart.

Thus the Department of Transportation, which is charged with reducing aircraft noise, approved the use of an airplane that is at least twice as noisy as any commercial jet now in the air. How did it happen? The short answer is that money and good lawyers can work wonders. The British and French manufacturers of the Concorde had both money and lawyers, and they used them skillfully. At this writing, for example, the US government still has set no upper limit on the noise that may be made by supersonic jets, although there are noise rules for every other kind of airplane. Errors like this don't just happen; they are engineered.

Evidence of willful inaction can be found in the confidential minutes of a high level meeting held on October 10, 1972 on "regulatory actions affecting SSTs," a document sprung from the vaults of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) by environmental lawyers. Attending the meeting were officials from the State Department, the Council on Environmental Quality, the Environmental Protection Agency, the White House, the FAA and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The purpose was to formulate a single government position on the Concorde. The first, most critical problem discussed was "NOISE," as follows: "The Federal Aviation Administration expects to issue a Notice of Proposed Rule Making within 45 to 60 days, and a rule within six months, dealing with noise type certification requirements for civil supersonic aircraft. Given congressional and public concern about aircraft noise, it would be extremely difficult to fix noise levels for SSTs higher than the existing level for new subsonic transport aircraft contained in Part 36 of the Federal Aviation Regulations . . . " In short, the FAA was caught in a bind because it had to write a rule that would either 1) permit noisier aircraft than were then allowed under Part 36, thus arousing congressional and public fury, or 2) satisfy the public but ban the Concorde. Well, the rule was never written, and in the three-and-one-half years since that meeting, the FAA has come no closer to writing a rule. It is still impossible today to formulate a noise rule that will please both Congress and Concorde's owners. The standing policy in such cases is to do nothing until it is no longer possible to avoid a decision. That's what happened.

The Concorde crisis of last month therefore came as no surprise. In 1970 the Environmental Defense Fund first began pestering the FAA to make a decision on noise standards for supersonic jets, and the agency agreed to open a docket for comments. It found, according to EDF lawyer John Hellegers, that with the exception of the British and French governments, the petitioners were unanimously opposed to allowing the plane to violate current noise standards (Part 36). The docket was closed three months later without a decision. Then two years later in 1972 the Noise Control Act passed Congress, giving the EPA authority to propose aircraft noise rules. After more legal fencing, the EPA came up with two rules for supersonics, one in February 1975 and the second in January of this year. The first was a bit equivocal, but the second would have made Concorde flights to the US impossible. At this point the FAA, through its highest supervisor, the Secretary of Transportation, stepped back into the fray. Now that things were moving along, it was necessary to steer them in the right direction.

Instead of taking up the EPA noise recommendations in the usual way, the Secretary of Transportation staged a flashy hearing, deliberated for a month and announced that he would let Concordes land at an airport controlled by the federal government—Dulles. He urged the operators of JFK—the New York Port Authority—to do the same. However, he didn't write a noise rule for the SST, a task that someone else must finish. (It's curious that the EPA has proposed nine aircraft noise rules since it was given this authority in 1972; none has been accepted by the FAA.) Coleman said his decision should not prejudice the authors of the still unwritten SST noise rule, but of course it will.

Coleman's decision makes not only bad policy but bad law as well. In addition to giving approval to a plane that uses more fuel per passenger mile than any on the market and emits more smoke and noise, Coleman took a step toward asserting a new federal authority over local airports. In the past, local airport operators were thought to have the power—and the consequent

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On February 11, in New York, Birch Bayh, the US senator and candidate for the presidency and chairman of the Senate Appropriations subcommittee on transportation, shared his thoughts on the Concorde with an audience of citizens, air traffic controllers and environmentalists. According to the press release sent out by the Committee for Birch Bayh in '76, Bayh said: "The Concorde is not progress. It does just the opposite of what a modern plane should do: uses more fuel and carries fewer passengers; makes more noise; pollutes more; costs more to run and to ride on."

Bayh (or his ghostwriter) knows how to turn a phrase, but that one had a familiar ring to it, suggesting that would-be President Bayh reads *The New Republic* and takes what we say to heart. In our lead editorial January 17 we had written: "The trouble with the Concorde is that in almost every category it does the opposite of what a modern airplane ought to do. It uses more fuel than conventional jets and carries fewer passengers. It makes more noise. It pollutes more. It costs more to run and to ride on." We're flattered to see our thought coming out of Bayh's mouth.

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liability—to decide whether or not an airplane could land at their airports. In his decision this month, Coleman strongly urges the Port Authority to defer to federal desires. Those concerned about precedent should be alert to the implications of Coleman's footnote six: " . . . under federal policy that has *hitherto* prevailed a local airport proprietor has had the authority under certain circumstances to refuse landing rights. If for any *legitimate and legally binding* reason it should turn out that the JFK part of the demonstration could not go forward . . . that would obviously be extremely unfortunate and would greatly diminish, but in my opinion it would not destroy, the validity of the demonstration." [Emphasis added] This, in the opinion of a former FAA attorney, is a clear invitation for New York officials to claim they had no choice but to defer to federal authority and to pass the buck for property damage lawsuits to William Coleman. It lets them off the hook, and it may diminish the power of all local airport owners.

Because of this bad experience with the FAA, some congressmen are preparing to launch a new attack on the Concorde and on aircraft noise in general. Sen. Lowell Weicker (R, Conn.) proposed an amendment to ban the Concorde on February 17. Even if it passes, however, President Ford may veto and kill it. Others, including Senators John Tunney (D, Calif.) and Edmund Muskie (D, Maine) may try to shift the authority for setting aircraft noise rules entirely into the EPA. If all else fails, they will simply put a limit on the length of time the FAA may dally between receiving a recommendation and writing a noise rule.

After Angola, Zaire?

Our Man Mobutu

Unable to influence the course of events in Angola, the Ford administration may soon be facing, just as hopelessly, another major African problem: this time in Zaire. And, again, the US may find itself supporting an unpopular African cause destined for disaster—the tottering dictatorial and corrupt regime of President Mobutu Sese Seko. Right now, the administration is pressing the International Monetary Fund to grant Mobutu $150 million in credits he is unable to obtain elsewhere; the US Congress is not about to lend money to Zaire. It is also understood that the US army has sent this month two special forces teams to work with the Zaire army on internal counterinsurgency.

In Angola, the administration has placed the entire blame for the defeat of so-called pro-Western factions on the Soviet Union and Cuba because of their decisive military support for the victorious Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA). In Zaire, so far there is no known Soviet or Cuban involvement, although external pressures are mounting on Mobutu, and, as matters now stand, the US may in the end have itself to blame for artificially trying to keep alive a politically and economically bankrupt regime.

In the crunch that seems to be approaching, we may then be isolated on Mobutu's side while his opponents, leftists and non-leftists, will, *faute de mieux*, be co-opted by Communists and their friends—with predictable results. The familiar sale, so reminiscent of Indochina and Angola, is thus beginning to unfold in Zaire, with the strong suggestion that the United States has learned absolutely nothing in dealing with "Third World" phenomena and, in the absence of better ideas, will be stuck once more with the blind defense of the *status quo*. Later, and inevitably, Washington will blame the Communists for taking advantage of the situation and, presumably, blame Congress for refusing to underwrite a major overt or covert rescue operation for "our man" Mobutu.

In part because of the MPLA victory in neighboring Angola, the Zaire crisis is rapidly entering an acute stage, a fact that may not yet be fully appreciated at the highest levels in the White House and the State Department (though working-level Africanists in the State Department are quite aware of it). The official policy thus provides for total support of Mobutu. The reason of course, is that Zaire is considered to be of immense importance for the stability of Africa, even more so than Angola, and that the administration believes vital American interests are engaged in keeping Kinshasa in the Western camp. This view goes back to 1960, when Belgium withdrew from the Congo and the United States tried to prevent Patrice Lumumba, the leftist leader, from capturing power. The US was again involved in the Congo (the country did not change its name to Zaire until 1971) in 1964 through a variety of overt and covert operations; Mobutu, then a colonel, emerged as boss from that crisis; he has been a US client ever since.

In recent years Mobutu's rule has been steadily deteriorating. The Zaire president has become frankly dictatorial, running the country with his Popular Movement of the Revolution (MPR), the only political party tolerated there, and with his supporters in the army, the police and the bureaucracy. He has brooked no opposition. Public administration has deteriorated (Mobutu, among his other moves, expelled most white managers—and even white doctors—from the country), and corruption runs rampant. Public funds have been squandered, the foreign debt has risen, and the dramatic fall in world prices of copper, which is Zaire's principal export, has compounded the runaway economic crisis. Last year, Mobutu "discovered" a conspiracy, inexplicably expelling United States Ambassador Dean Hinton, an unlikely member of an anti-Mobutu plot.

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Politically—and militarily—the Angolan war has added a new element of urgency to the Zaire crisis. In conjunction with the United States, Mobutu has been supporting the forces of the "pro-Western" National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA), led by his close friend (and alleged brother-in-law) Holden Roberto, in the battle against the MPLA. Earlier, Mobutu backed FNLA as the least dangerous Angolan faction in the long colonial war against Portugal. In fact, there are reasons to believe that Mobutu, hoping to control Holden Roberto, expected to play a key role in oil-rich Angola after independence. This policy enjoyed American blessings; at the outset of the Angolan civil war, US arms and equipment for FNLA went through Zaire. Early this year, Kinshasa was the staging area for white mercenaries going to Angola to fight alongside FNLA and its allied faction, UNITA.

MPLA's victories, however, had an unsettling effect on Mobutu's position. A battalion of Zaire's best troops secretly sent by Mobutu last December to the Angolan enclave of Cabinda (where most of the oil wealth is concentrated) to help the FNLA against the MPLA, refused to fight and, instead, engaged in pillage and looting. Some Zaire soldiers reportedly deserted to the MPLA. Thousands of former militiamen from once secessionist Katanga, the so-called "Katanga Gendarmes," openly joined the MPLA in northern Angola. With MPLA and Cuban forces now virtually in control of much of the Zaire-Angola border, Mobutu has lost the "protective" belt against the leftists that the FNLA army once represented. The MPLA's control of the Benguela copper railway has made it impossible for Mobutu to export his minerals through Angolan ports, one of the traditional routes.

At the same time, reports from the area indicate that anti-Mobutu leftist opponents are gathering in Luanda, the MPLA capital. Antoine Gizenga, a top Lumumba lieutenant, is said to have arrived in Luanda from Moscow last month, presumably to set in motion new pressures against Mobutu. Gizenga is believed to enjoy significant support inside Zaire; some observers think that the MPLA may support Gizenga militarily in a future attempt to overthrow Mobutu.

Early in February, Mobutu moved on several fronts to salvage his position. In dire need of US military and economic support, he dispatched Nguza Karl-I-Bond, then the secretary-general of MPR, the official political party, to Washington for conversations with Secretary of State Kissinger and his advisers. On February 4, he reshaped his Cabinet, naming a number of close friends to ministerial posts while retaining for himself the defense ministry. Nguza Karl-I-Bond was appointed foreign minister, but at least three politicians with strong leftist links received ministerial posts as well. The most important of them is Mandungu Bula Nyati, the former foreign minister, who was given the National Guidance ministry. Experts think that if Mobutu decides to negotiate with the MPLA, which now appears likely, Bula would be the chief contact man.

On February 3, Mobutu suddenly declared himself "neutral" in the Angolan conflict, pulling the rug from under what remained of the FNLA. He made it plain that he would not oppose a coalition government in Angola under the MPLA's direction. He then declared the white mercenaries could no longer use Zaire as a transit point en route to Angola. This, apparently, was in response to a statement by Agostinho Neto, the MPLA leader, that Luanda wanted relations with Zaire.

Mobutu's emerging policy, therefore, is a search for an accommodation with the MPLA, probably designed to defuse whatever actions Gizenga may be planning against him, combined with efforts to convince the US that he should be backed to the hilt. It remains to be seen how realistic this policy turns out to be.

Washington's policy remains murky. On the highest levels, the US appears to be reluctant to see any accommodations between Mobutu and the MPLA although there are working-level officials who believe that not only Zaire and Angola should develop a relationship, but that Washington, too, should establish relations with Luanda before very long, taking into account realities in Angola. It should be remembered, however, that Kissinger overruled last year the objections of the State Department's African Bureau against covert military aid to the "pro-Western" factions in the Angolan war.

By the same token, Kissinger is reportedly anxious to see Mobutu receive maximum economic aid to prevent a collapse in Zaire. Inasmuch as the Congress is unlikely to approve funds the administration had requested for Kinshasa—it fears the money would go to Angola—the administration has applied unprecedented pressure to the International Monetary Fund to grant Mobutu $150 million in urgent credits. An IMF mission returned from Kinshasa last week with Mobutu's promises that he would put his economic house in order if the credits are granted, promises that the Fund takes skeptically. Nonetheless, American pressure is likely to result in the approval of credits to Zaire even though the World Bank had already suspended a major development loan to Mobutu.

Experts think that even the $150 million from the

COMING: the packaging of the candidates 1976—a report on image making by Ken Bode

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IMF will make little difference in the long run—unless Mobutu drastically overhauls his system of government, devalues the currency, and imposes austerity measures. After the IMF funds are spent, the US will presumably have to devise other means of helping Mobutu—unless it is by then already too late to save him.

To the extent that a coherent policy toward Zaire exists in Washington, the emerging alternative seems to be a fatalistic choice between Mobutu and the MPLA-supported Gizenga leftist movement. There are no indications that the US is prepared to press Mobutu for meaningful domestic political and economic reforms—or to find a "third force" that could be given support and create a viable democratic third alternative. Top policy-makers appear to be conjuring images of Communist "dominoes" in Africa in the wake of the MPLA victory. They are not disposed to deal with Luanda because of their anger at the Russians and the Cubans, although there may be much merit in encouraging non-Communist nationalism in Angola. As to Zaire, the obvious next crisis area in Africa, no imaginative efforts are in the making. The tendency is to support Mobutu all the way. After all our sad experiences in backing the status quo everywhere, that's too bad.

Tad Szulc

Notes on the New Hampshire and Massachusetts Primaries

Shakeout

by Ken Bode

"Money is a problem right now," says a Boston-based political consultant, "because it's being divided four or five ways on the liberal side. New Hampshire and Massachusetts will settle that. One candidate will emerge from there, and whichever one it is will raise five million dollars in the next three months." This sentiment echoes a common conjecture of 1976—that the winnowing will take place relatively quickly, that once the first two primaries (New Hampshire on February 24 and Massachusetts on March 2) are over, the field will be considerably smaller. Part of the reason, of course, is money. At this writing, only Lloyd Bentsen, Henry Jackson and George Wallace have raised and saved enough to be able to afford to spend up to the full federal limitation in even these two opening primaries, and none of the three is contesting in both. Money is a problem in politics only when a campaign must make do without it; even with matching funds and two years of fundraising behind them, some campaigns are emptying the till to gain the precious momentum and outpouring of dollars that a win in either of the New England contests might provide.

It is also most often assumed that when the sorting out of the liberals is completed, one of the two men—Morris Udall or Birch Bayh—will remain to be tested against Jackson, Jimmy Carter and George Wallace in the middle primaries. Milton Shapp is essentially just a Pennsylvania favorite son. There is no depth of commitment to Sargent Shriver; he is familiar and that is reflected in the polls, but basically he is a holding company for undecided voters and commands little firm, first-choice support. No matter how poorly he does, Fred Harris will not be eliminated; no matter how well he does, he cannot be nominated. Harris is caught in a pincer movement of his own making. On the one hand are those who remember his record in the US Senate prior to 1972, his longtime support of the Indochina war, his votes in favor of the oil depletion allowance, and the like. On the other are those who regard his current populist rhetoric as too scattershot and bombastic to carry the Democratic standard so soon after George McGovern. Among the present contenders that narrows it to Bayh and Udall, and because they compete for many of the same votes and contributors, political reality dictates that only one will survive.

On issues, there is little to choose between the two men. Both appeared at a recent presidential forum jointly sponsored by 18 towns and held at Acton, Massachusetts, and the audience was puzzled by their similarity. Each opened by urging voters to make a presidential choice on the basis of a candidate's public record. Bayh: "Assess our candidacies on the basis of what we've done before. That's the best test of what we'll be able to do in the future." Udall: "Nothing tells you as well as what a man has done over the long haul,

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how he chose when he faced the tough choices." In response to questions, they sometimes even turned the same phrases.

Both acknowledge that New Hampshire and Massachusetts are critical, and each admits that his eye is mainly on the other. Both have committed the full extent of their resources to these contests and their campaigns in the rest of the country are marking time in anticipation of the results.

To accumulate enough money quickly enough to be able to compete the next month in Wisconsin and New York, one candidate needs to emerge decisively.

A good many Democrats are depending on these early New England races to provide a preliminary sorting out, but that hope may be falsely grounded. There are some facts about the New Hampshire and Massachusetts races this year that make it uncertain at best that the outcome of one contest will be confirmed by the results of the other—leaving things as muddled after March 2 as they are today.

First, the Democratic electorates in the two states are very different. In Massachusetts, there is no party structure of any consequence, but there are probably more activists per capita than anywhere in America, and the past six years has shown a constant movement in a progressive direction. The state's presidential primaries have generally been low turnout affairs, dominated by liberals. This year, however, the Boston school controversy and active competition between Henry Jackson and George Wallace for the antibusing vote will probably also bring an infusion of conservative activists to the polling places.

The liberal-conservative divison in New Hampshire breaks the other way. It is, in the words of one of this year's campaign managers, "a state that no Democratic presidential candidate ever returns to after March." Since FDR, the Democrats have carried New Hampshire only once, in the LBJ landslide of 1964. Despite massive infusions of manpower and money, Eugene McCarthy lost this primary to LBJ in 1968 and George McGovern lost it to Edmund Muskie in 1972. This year, with Shriver, Bayh, Udall and Harris on his left and neither Jackson nor Wallace involved to split up the moderate and conservative vote, Jimmy Carter is well positioned.

Traditionally good, grassroots organizing has paid off in New Hampshire and everyone knows it. No candidate is in want of campaign technicians; each campaign has the voter rolls broken down into street-ordered lists, with areas targeted and ordered by priority. Carter and Udall started early; a New Hampshire office for Udall opened in March of 1975, and Carter has made 11 trips and devoted nearly 50 days campaigning in the state since the autumn of 1974. Bayh's late announcement was a handicap, and with some help from labor he is attempting to catch up with direct mail, phone banks and a canvassing blitz each weekend. For a long time, the main battle was just to get known, and apparently no amount of spending will guarantee that. Candidate polls still show low name recognition in some cases and indications are that voters have not yet sorted out the mixed field. One campaign worker decided to take his own poll and asked his grocer who he planned to vote for. "I'm not much interested this year," he was told. "Wallace is the only one I know of who's running." Wallace, as it happens, is not running.

This is the first time in two decades that there has been a serious contest in the primaries of both New Hampshire parties. The electorate breaks into 161,000 registered Republicans, 140,000 Independents—each eligible to vote in either primary—and 134,000 Democrats. Where the Independent vote goes can be a critical factor; four years ago, in the McGovern-Muskie contest, nearly 15 percent of the 90,000 primary voters were Independents. This year, with no clear-cut issue like Vietnam to pull votes to the Democratic side and with a highly visible and apparently close contest between Ford and Reagan on the other side, most Independents will probably opt not to bother sorting out their multiple options among the Democrats and will weigh in with the GOP.

Another factor that may diminish turnout is that for the first time this year, the primary will not be held on Town Meeting Day, the day on which most communities gather to choose their selectmen and vote on local taxes. In the past, this has virtually assured a high turnout—often over 60 percent. Last year, in the shuffle to preserve its status as the country's first primary, New Hampshire moved its date up a week. If the turnout is low, it will increase the value of a good voter identification program and a solid election day organization. The order of the day for the candidate will be to find his voters and get them to the polls.

Everyone who visits New Hampshire, including the candidates, comes away with the estimate that Udall technicians have produced the best organization. "It's due to a superior monetary investment," says Jimmy Carter's New England coordinator, Chris Brown, "but it's true." Udall is probably the only candidate who will spend the $200,000 allowable under federal law in New Hampshire, though Carter will come close. Udall himself cracks: "I hear so often that we're the best organized in New Hampshire that I get the impression it's the old shell game. I think we might be getting set up."

Actually the candidate polls show Carter holding a narrow lead in New Hampshire right now, and a recent survey by *Newsweek* showed him slighly ahead in direct voter contact as well. Carter's campaign has been based on a shrewd assessment of where he stands relative to New Hampshire's Democratic electorate and to the rest of his competition. "We won't have the depth of liberal support that Udall has nor the labor support Bayh can muster," says Brown, "but Jimmy Carter appeals to the

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moderate and conservative voter in this state better than either one." Who are the moderate and conservative Democrats in the Granite State? "People who are concerned about waste in government and who are conservative on social issues like abortion, welfare spending, gun control, defense spending, and who are against détente."

Political organizers key their efforts to past experience; this year, Carter's New Hampshire strategists are targeting not the activist, anti-war McGovern vote, but the Muskie vote of four years ago. Most of Jimmy Carter's New Hampshire effort has been based on bringing the candidate into personal contact with potential voters during his numerous visits to the state. "Carter's style is perfect for New Hampshire," conceded a Udall supporter who was active in the campaigns of Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern. "He's infectious for an instant."

Carter may also be the beneficiary of whatever part of Ronald Reagan's message that resonates among Democratic voters in New Hampshire. In his highly publicized visits, Reagan inveighs against Washington and the federal government: "Our nation's capital is the root of our problems," he says. "It is the seat of a buddy system that functions for its own benefit." Anti-Washington rhetoric is home grown and a proved product in New Hampshire. In the special runoff election last September, now US Senator John Durkin railed against "the cement palaces and limousines in Washington." These, of course, are themes echoed effectively on the Democratic side only by Carter, who engagingly opens his speeches by listing his assets and liabilities—"I'm not from Washington. I'm not a member of Congress. I've never been part of the national government."

New Hampshire will be the first test in both parties of whether voter frustration can be effectively directed against the national government, and the extent to which Washington, DC will prove a geographic liability for candidates like Gerald Ford, Henry Jackson, Birch Bayh and Morris Udall.

There are a handful of wild cards in the New Hampshire deck. One is how well Sargent Shriver might do among his co-religionists in this heavily Catholic state. About 45 percent of the state and 60 percent of the Democratic voters are Catholic, largely concentrated in the mill cities of Manchester, Nashua and Berlin. "It's a natural base for Shriver," says one rival manager. "Sarge and his family show up constantly at Catholic charity events, meetings, and so forth." Up to now, there have been no local repercussions of the episode in Iowa in which Jimmy Carter won the Catholic vote away from Shriver by fashioning an ambiguous, but apparently stronger stand against abortion. Despite personal appearances by anti-abortion candidate Ellen McCormack, the abortion issue has remained surprisingly quiescent so far in the campaign.

A second unpredictable is whether a write-in for an old standby, Hubert Humphrey, can do well in a field crowded with little knowns and a large undecided vote. New Hampshirites have a history of rejecting what's offered and providing alternatives of their own. In 1964, a write-in effort for then American ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge embarrassed the two active competitors, Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. In 1968, President Johnson's victory over Eugene McCarthy was an expensively managed write-in campaign. Also, if the recent Supreme Court decision on the federal election laws can be said to have benefited any campaign in the short run, it is probably this two-man Humphrey operation in New Hampshire. Because it is an unauthorized endeavor (Humphrey has denounced the operation and asked them to close down) the organizers are unrestricted in the size of contributions they can raise and the amount they can spend. Robert Shaine, the director, hopes to raise enough to manage a last minute mailing to all Democrats, showing them how to write in Humphrey's name. But entrepreneurs like Shaine may have been victimized by technology. When the last write-in effort was mounted eight years ago, only 5 percent of the state voted on machines, and writing-in on a paper ballot is a much simpler matter. Now over half of the primary vote will be cast on machines, and casting a Humphrey vote this time will mean locating the lid that covers the write-in slot, removing it, penciling-in the Minnesota senator's name, and replacing the lid. It is more difficult, but write-in voters are always more highly motivated, so who knows?

Despite an early start, Fred Harris has not attracted the indigenous activist element that propelled McCarthy and McGovern in previous New Hampshire crusades, nor has he yet expanded his base into the state's blue-collar factory population. He has drawn a cadre of youthful, out-of-state volunteer helpers reminiscent of yesteryear, though one veteran Harris supporter who has observed the same phenomenon before says ruefully, "We needed more church basements to sleep them in then."

Finally, William Loeb, the volatile publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader* has not yet weighed in heavily on the Democratic side. The *Union Leader* is New Hampshire's only statewide, only morning, only Sunday and only Manchester daily. There are eight smaller afternoon dailies, but the *Union Leader* is unmatched for the interest its publisher takes in electoral politics. Traditionally, Loeb uses the paper both to promote his favorites and persecute those who engender his wrath. In 1972, he supported Congressman John Ashbrook on the Republican side against Richard Nixon and Congressman Paul McCloskey. On the Democratic side, he savaged Sen. Edmund Muskie and plugged conservative long-shot Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles. Arguably Loeb

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destroyed Muskie's national hopes when the senator choked up attempting to answer Loeb attacks against his family with a press conference outside the *Union Leader*. But his effort was unfocused and amounted to nothing for Ashbrook or Yorty. This year, perhaps recognizing that he is more effective firing a broadside in only one direction, Loeb has concentrated his front-page editorials and prime news space exclusively to the promotion of Ronald Reagan. A couple of the liberal Democratic contenders suspect that Loeb will wait until the final weekend to direct an unanswerable salvo their way.

Though not all agree, Udall and Bayh supporters generally feel that the New Hampshire results will be an important factor in the Massachusetts voting a week later. After months of field organizing, the Udall campaign recently reordered its priorities and will spend four-fifths of the $300,000 it has budgeted for Massachusetts on newspaper, radio and television advertising. At about the same time, Bayh's state coordinator Jack Walsh announced the opening of a new battery of storefront headquarters around the state and the hiring of 22 field organizers, to man them. Bayh will not ignore advertising, but as the two campaigns await the New Hampshire results, they are running on somewhat different tracks in Massachusetts.

Walsh figures that Bayh's main strength is Udall's major weakness. "Mo will probably sew up the intellectual voters, and that's a fair number in this state. But Birch Bayh is a coalition builder. He can campaign effectively among blacks, blue collar workers, labor, women's activist groups, gay rights groups—the whole range of the traditional Democratic constituency. In the black community, neither Udall nor anyone else is showing much support. Over there it will be like a separate mini-primary between Birch Bayh and Sargent Shriver." Walsh's assessment is contradicted, however, by a *Boston Globe* poll of the neighboring New Hampshire electorate in which Udall showed the strongest across-the-board support of any candidate, easily surpassing Bayh, Carter and Humphrey who were runners-up in that order.

Perhaps the most interesting contest in Massachusetts will be between Henry Jackson and George Wallace to see who can capture the anti-busing vote. For a time, Wallace was satisfied to soft pedal busing in his Bay State rallies, talking in his usual code about "survival of the great middle class." Recently he has gotten specific: a good vote in the one state George McGovern carried would be interpreted as a clear message on busing. He attacks W. Arthur Garrity, the federal judge involved in the controversial Boston busing suit and promises, as President, to back a constitutional amendment prohibiting forced busing and providing freedom of choice for each child to decide where to go to school.

Jackson, in turn, is making a more subtle bid for the anti-busing vote in Boston. Last week, Louise Day Hicks visited Jackson in Washington to talk, it is said, about the federal government's assuming the costs of desegregation; the cost for the next school year in Boston alone will run $11 million, double this year's total. Bill Ezekiel, a Jackson coordinator who ran a little City Hall in South Boston for Mayor Kevin White, says his candidate will not try to "out-Wallace Wallace" on this issue. "We want the anti-busing leaders in this city to let their people know that Jackson is an acceptable alternative," he says, adding, "Seventy-five percent of the people of Boston are against busing and against Wallace too."

Sen. Jackson chose Boston as the site to announce his recent proposal to modify the federal court's role in future school desegregation. Jackson would take the matter out of the hands of a single federal judge (like Garrity who ordered the takeover of South Boston schools) and place the decision in the hands of a three judge panel. His timing was unfortunate, however, because a few days after Jackson floated this proposal, a similar three-judge panel sustained Garrity on an appeal to his order.

There are two points of view about how the anti-busing vote will go on March 2. One side argues that the people of Boston have been saying for three years that they are not segregationists, but they cherish their neighborhood schools and do not want forced busing. Given an acceptable alternative (Henry Jackson), they will not turn the tables on themselves and prove by voting for George Wallace that the issue really was race all along. The other side says that a vote for Wallace represents a final act of frustration, and the people of Boston are ready for that: "You can't flimflam these people with circuitous solutions. They're like the anti-war people and the anti-abortion people. They don't want to know if, when, or maybe. They want to know if you are going to end the war or end abortions, or stop the buses. As soon as the three-judge panel upheld Garrity, they saw through Jackson's deal. 'So Jackson is going to take it out of the hands of one judge and give us three, is he? Well, we've got that already. Those people will not vote for Henry Jackson; they'll be for George Wallace.'"

Which side of that argument is right will determine whether George Wallace or Henry Jackson gets off to a good start in the first primary that either will contest this year. On the liberal side, the situation is muddled, and like New Hampshire, the ratio of undecided voters remains high. Jack Walsh sums up his frustration in this way: "Just like everywhere else, the liberals in Massachusetts are waiting for the results from New England to clear things up, but we're supposed to be part of that process. When you ask liberals who they're for, they tell you 'Udall or Bayh, either one is fine with me.' Where the hell is *that* button on the voting machine?"

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Halting Steps toward an Uncertain Goal

by Daniel Yergin

United Europe, the Europe of the Nine, is in crisis—"a crisis of confidence, a crisis of will, a crisis of lucidity," in the words of Commission President François-Xavier Ortoli. But when was the Community not in crisis? For crisis is the inevitable companion for a venture of such unclear boundaries—the attempt to create a new political and economic system on the back of six or nine old ones, to do so without the sanction of force or disaster, but rather by consensus and conscious will, all in the direction of a goal that is uncertain in outline and legitimacy.

Still, just as the current world recession is deeper and different from other postwar recessions, so this crisis in the Community is more intense, and unlike previous crises. Indeed, Gaston Thorn, the new president of its Council, recently announced that the Community's only achievement in 1975 was that it did not fall apart. The Nine are like kin, arguing ever more sharply about how they are related, and what obligations they bear to each other and to the entire family, and whether they should do anything about any of it, in any event.

One senses around the Berlaymont, the triangular glass skyscraper in Brussels that is the Community's headquarters, the frustrations of those who want to feel themselves a part of a government, but realize they are not, and begin to feel they may never be. The resulting discouragement only makes matters worse, for the fuel of European integration is political will.

To help sort out the mess, the Community more than a year ago commissioned the Belgian Prime Minister Leo Tindemans to undertake a vast survey of the state of the Community. Last month, he finally produced his report. Considering that it is supposed to be a landmark, it was greeted with muted fanfare, but then it is a muted report, concentrating on procedural matters, leaving the grand vision for another day—if there is still a grand vision.

The refrain of those committed to the European idea is that there is no choice; integration must proceed; the will must be found. But there are alternatives, three alternatives. One, not very palatable to the "Europeans," is for the Community to remain what it is today—essentially, a common market with agricultural policy and some antitrust procedures. The second alternative involves a change of character, with a redirection away from the creation of an "automatic" community, to a less-reassuring voluntary community, a bloc, a confederation, an affiliation of like-minded states that continue to insist upon the trappings of sovereignty. The third is for the Community to fall apart, an occurrence that, despite all the discouragement, must be discounted, in the face of 19 years of association and institutional interweaving.

Whatever the course, it will be shaped by the European response to a number of pressing problems.

Coping with Contraction. The first decade-and-a-half of the Community's lifetime was also a period of prosperity and rapid growth. In the early 1970s, instability began to interfere with economic processes, culminating in the present slump of unprecedented severity in postwar experience. This slump has placed considerable pressure on the Community, which has been bereft of effective cooperation. Each nation is waiting for another's recovery. There is a lack of common prescriptions, a lack of common outlook among the Nine as to what is tolerable in inflation and unemployment. In some ways the countries have been working against each other. Contraction eliminates the margins that normally exist in government budgets and in sectors of the economy that can cushion painful readjustments; it increases the sensitivity of pressure groups, reduces the time horizons of governments, and thus puts them in a position of having to choose between their communitarian values and constituent interests. They can no longer calm those interests by promising that integration will promote overall growth. It gets increasingly difficult to resist demands of domestic groups, even demands that run counter to the concept of a free trade Community: France slaps a border tax on Italian wines, Britain institutes selective import controls, and it gets harder for other countries to say no to their constituents.

Germany, whose wealth has put it in the position of Community paymaster but which in the face of rising budget deficits is trying to practice austerity at home, has become critical of the growth of the Community's budget, especially that of the common agriculture policy. Discord feeds upon itself. "What we feel in the German attitude is a kind of intolerance of everybody else," observed one senior Italian official. "They feel they can do everything better by themselves. Of course, they are wealthy, they export, they have a strong balance of payments and low inflation, they are

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well organized. But they underestimate the advantages of one European market—they benefit almost as much as French agriculture."

Contraction also causes the Community international complications. Reduction of trade barriers, or even the maintenance of present barriers, depends upon a certain finessing, again, on that margin to cushion shock. The margin has shrunk between the United States and the Community, resulting, since the middle of 1975, in a trade skirmish, principally over automobiles and steel.

The best solution to this challenge would, of course, be economic recovery. Prospects for recovery, unfortunately, remain uncertain. A good deal of the power to affect it is not in European hands, although the Germans could do more. The Nine are left with the less than satisfying program of merely coping—realizing that such pressures will mount, working to minimize them, and remembering that they do not mean that dissolution is imminent.

Establishing Legitimacy. The European Community involves nine democratic countries but is itself only indirectly democratic. In recent years, it has come to resemble more and more a confederation of associated states, an entente with a secretariat, rather than an entirely new political entity. The Commission, the civil service in Brussels, has suffered a relative loss of independent authority since the middle 1960s, and it has become more clearly subordinated to national governments, rather than an alternative to them. The Council, the forum for the individual governments, has become more visible and active; the heads of government meet at least three times a year. The foreign ministers are expanding their supervisory role. Such a development of course satisfies the desire of the national governments to maintain their own positions. The French have seen this as an alternative to economic integration. The reconfirmation of British membership has contributed to this direction.

European purists object to this "nationalization" of the Community. They remain attracted by the concept of "spill-over," in which—according to theory—the extension of authority in one area automatically creates other problems, which in turn demand a further extension of authority. Such, so the theory went, would inevitably bring about the desired goal, the withering away of the national state.

Developments have not followed theory; and, in fact, there is much to recommend the alternative of nationalization. After all, here is where habit does change reality; this very orientation indicates a commitment of the nine governments to act together in a Community, and it promotes continuously close contacts at functional levels among the countries' political leaders and foreign and civil services. Bureaucracies move closer in such a confederal process. But at the same time, it does tend to freeze the Community at a certain level and emphasizes the consensual rather than "organic" character of the Community. It is also a potentially reversible process, especially if one of the three major countries should be led by a would-be De Gaulle.

This last possibility points up the importance of the further development of the European Parliament. Now that the United Nations has turned into a confrontation between "producers" and "consumers" (as though the consumers were not also producers), interrupted only occasionally by dialogues between producers and consumers and by efforts of dictatorships to denounce or expel democracies, the European Parliament may well have become the most interesting multinational assembly in the world. Despite the awkward and somewhat playful names of the parties (*e.g.* European Progressive Democrats, European Conservative party), it is a far more serious organization than one might think. Many of the 198 legislators, who are selected from the membership of their national parliaments, easily spend 150 days a year in the sessions (in Luxembourg and Strasbourg) and committee meetings (in Brussels) of the European Parliament. It has limited but growing budget powers, the right to force the Commission and the Council to reconsider matters, and the influence to spotlight positions and issues.

Today the parliament is an assembly of Europeans, not Europe's parliament. Its real importance is that it can become the latter and thus gain legitimacy for itself and for the Community. The current proposals provide for direct elections to be held in May 1978 to an enlarged parliament of 355 people. These elections raise a number of problems with important consequences. For instance, can candidates continue to be members of national parliaments as well? If not, will participation in the European Parliament, as one German official put it, "be worthwhile not just for third rate experts on milk prices?" Low turnout and lack of attention would certainly diminish the "will" towards integration. But if elections are taken seriously, then there will be opposing candidates, and they will have to find issues to separate them from their opponents, and the Community's affairs will become politicized, a subject of contention at mass levels, and not merely that of elites and specific interest groups at specific times.

The national governments have endorsed direct elections with varying degrees of reservation, for as H.R. Nord, the secretary-general of the European Parliament, pointed out, "You cannot have a Community without stepping on the toes of national sovereignty." Direct elections will increase the power of the European Parliament *vis-à-vis* national parliaments, and some interesting constitutional clashes are inevitable. But the fact cannot be escaped; the Community makes decisions affecting people's lives, and that is the stuff of politics and elections.

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Speaking With One Voice. At the end of 1969, the year De Gaulle left power, the heads of government began to move toward a political role for the Community in world affairs, that Europe start "to speak with one voice." There were a number of reasons for this effort. Economics was indeed becoming high politics, and the Community itself, as primarily an economic institution, would be involved in more controversial issues. The very existence of the Community with the magnetic attraction of its economic power, made it a factor in international politics. Enlargement, by involving Britain, the third major state of Western Europe, would automatically add an extra foreign policy dimension; and the Nine could certainly have more influence speaking in one voice in world affairs than in nine voices. "In foreign affairs, sovereignty is the ability to influence the external world," explained one Italian official. "If you can't do that, what does sovereignty mean? If we Europeans want to establish a presence in foreign affairs, the way to do it is to unite."

The Political Cooperation Effort is essentially intergovernmental, without legal treaty foundation, running parallel to the Commission's work. It works on consensus, and any one government can wield a veto, but knowing that a veto threatens the whole effort. All the governments currently seem to find an interest in maintaining the momentum. The effort involves a coordination of viewpoints through regular consultations, three times a year for the heads of government, more frequently for foreign ministers, and even more frequently for political directors and specialists from the various foreign offices.

Its most notable achievement to date has been the coordination of policy on Portugal (belatedly) and in the European Security Conference, where the Nine worked out, in the first instance, the Western policy positions. They also worked up a European position at the seventh special session of the United Nations General Assembly last September. Though not political cooperation strictly speaking, the Europeans managed to establish a foreign policy presence through the so-called Lomé Convention, which provides tariff advantages and export income stabilization to 46 developing nations. Less promising is the Euro-Arab dialogue, stalled because of the all-consuming Arab interest in pushing the Europeans to an anti-Israel position.

This political cooperation effort is going to face even more challenging tests in framing a specifically European effort, which is what is necessary, to deal with the new Spain and also with the succession crisis that is near in Yugoslavia. The US has not welcomed the development of this cooperation, which is a pity since it does add a strong force committed to common values; but that opposition is likely to be temporary, the product of the now receding monopoly over policy enjoyed by a virtuoso Secretary of State.

Structure. With what kind of structure shall the Community seek unity? There is still some question as to whether Britain is committed to further integration; no doubt it will take at least another year or two to know whether Britain's membership is serious. Even before Britain is completely digested, more nations are trying to serve themselves up. The most eager is Greece, an associate member since 1961, which applied for full membership in June, 1975. The Nine have formally approved. The reasons for agreement on both sides are the same—participation in the Community will help underwrite continued democracy in Greece. Yet Greek participation would raise many problems. There is reason to question whether Greek industry and agriculture and its civil service could cope with the pressures of membership. Greek membership would dilute the political force of the Community, and add another economic "sick man" to the list that currently includes Britain, Italy and Ireland, putting further strains on the agricultural and regional funds. Similar considerations will be involved with future applications from Turkey, Portugal and Spain. Such a prospect certainly makes the integration process more difficult and runs the risk instead of turning the Community into a more neutral extended free trade area. The answer may be a new intermediate status between full and associate membership.

It is ironic that European leaders should be talking about integrating nations into a larger polity when the nation-states themselves are under pressure, not merely from the new forces of transnationalism, but also from a revival of old forces, nationalism, or, more properly, subnationalism. If the Community is eroding national sovereignty on one side, then these subnationalisms—reflecting a renewal of old conflicts that, as so often is the case, are tied to language—are doing much the same on the other, most noticeably in the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and perhaps Italy. The sanction of force cannot be easily applied, as it can be in Eastern Europe. The separatist movements in turn see the European Community as their ally and talk about a "Europe of Regions." That may be a possibility in the longer term, but it is hard to see how it can be achieved, for if the national governments perceive the Community as an ally of the separatists, then they will step back from participation in it.

Integration. The heart of the effort to create not merely an affiliation of nine sovereign countries, a kinship community, but a supranational entity is the process of integration—of economies, laws and institutions. The work still goes on, chipping away at non-tariff barriers, harmonizing company laws and taxes, making it possible for a lawyer in one country to practice in another. But it is a slow process, and the very slowness causes despair. A small example. The largest Dutch brewer, Heineken, has for years included in its home division not merely the Netherlands but also the rest of

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the European Community countries. But the company has recently concluded that the "harmonization" of duties, laws and standards is still so far away that it is reorganizing; now the other eight countries will become part of the company's international division. The explanation of the managing director might sound like an epitaph: "The problem of managing our interests in the EEC countries apart from Holland are much more similar to those of territories outside Europe than the problems we meet in the Netherlands." The integration process has one success to its recent credit, the establishment of the Regional Development Fund, which is intended to help modernize backward and retarded areas (primarily Ireland, Southern Italy and the north of Britain) as a counterweight to the Community's tendency to accentuate differences between rich and poor regions.

Against this achievement must be matched two large and prominent failures. In 1972 Andrew Shonfeld speculated: "The problem of how to reinforce the Community's capacity for decisive action remains. No doubt, a manifest crisis, requiring a joint policy in a hurry, would be a good help—a military threat, or the prospect of a world slump or perhaps some critical shortage of a commodity like oil putting our whole economic system at risk." Slump aside, the shortage occurred, but the opposite has happened. The energy crisis has emphasized differences in outlooks and problems of the members, and promoted fragmentation rather than concert. European energy policy means primarily parallel, but still individual, policies of individual countries, while coordination goes on within the 18-nation International Energy Agency, in which the United States plays a leading role. Finally at the December 1975 summit, the leaders of the Nine did, belatedly, agree in principle to an emergency oil sharing scheme and to a floor price for oil. But, in terms both of Community action, and strengthening the Community this is still little and late.

The great failure has been on the question of fundamental forward movement—toward what has been called Economic and Monetary Union. As outlined in the years 1969-71, it was to be achieved in three steps by 1980. What was to be achieved beyond the first step of monetary unification was never clearly delineated. And that's just as well, for that first step of monetary unification collapsed quickly enough. Inflation and slump provided a bad era for attempting to mate currencies. Moreover currency is both a symbolic and practical demonstration of sovereignty. The governments were unwilling to surrender it, especially when other aspects of economic life remain unintegrated. This failure has resulted in a widespread feeling that future integration is impossible. On the contrary, small steps toward integration, though with realistic expectations of their overall impact, remain an important part of the process towards the European goal. There remains the task of identifying areas in which the Community's competence can be extended. Terrorism, for example, provides room for Commission action, for coordination among interior ministries, and for the Community to take a foreign policy position toward countries that on the one hand want preferred access to Europe but on the other provide succor and support for groups carrying out terrorist activities in Europe.

In his year of peregrinating from city to city in Europe, in effect taking depositions, Belgian Prime Minister Tindemans had ample opportunity to hear the complaints that arise from all these problems, and his proposals are meant as a response. Instead of a grand blueprint for Europe United, decorated with dates and pious declarations, he has offered up a series of smaller, but still significant goals, of a practical and procedural nature: closer integration of foreign policies, including the removal of the veto; Community responsibility for crises in the "region" of Europe; expanded powers for the European Parliament; the appointment of one spokesman to deal with the United States in a "dialogue based on equality"; joint weapons buying; closer links among all Community currencies.

His most controversial proposal is for a kind of two-tier Community, in which those with stronger economies like France and Germany march quickly towards further integration, while countries with weaker economies like Britain and Italy are left behind, to catch up when and as best they can. Such a proposal could be ultimately self-defeating; for it could create an Inner Market very much different from an Outer Market, the latter in effect nothing more than a customs union adjunct.

But whether this report actually leads to a stronger Community depends upon another factor, to which Tindemans alluded when he criticized the "lack of political will" on the part of Europe's leaders. For finally it is only conscious political will that can bridge problems. "Will" means a commitment to the ideology of unity, to the European Idea, and that in turn raises the fundamental problem—that the European Idea may be exhausted, in part by its own successes.

The impetus behind this idea was a desire to reform Europe, in particular to resolve the conflict between France and Germany. Here the Community succeeded. The other reasons? To create a counterweight against Soviet power in the East—another goal achieved. And the economic reasons? That an expanded market would promote prosperity and prevent return to the autarkic economic policies of the 1930s. Another success, the current recession notwithstanding. All three reasons are still valid, though less clearly obvious.

Another strong impetus was the fact that the United States wanted a united Europe. Indeed, the best "Europeans" were the Americans, and European integration was a major policy goal, vigorously pursued from the first post-World War II days.

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In the past several years, however, it has no longer been clear that current US leaders still want a united Europe that could become an unmanageable ally and a new rival. Certainly such suspicion is rife in Europe. "The basic problem is that the United States did good work after the war to help establish a kind of community in Europe," observed a German diplomat. "But the Europeans now feel that the Americans are astounded by the result and are saying 'we didn't mean it this way'. They had a love affair with the idea, but they won't acknowledge the child. Now we're grown up, nearly an equal."

Hard as it may be for some Americans and even Europeans to believe, the United States is far less central to the entire enterprise, and its wishes will increasingly count for less, especially now that Britain is part of the Community and the "special relationship" fades into the past. "I often think," speculated a British official assigned to Brussels, "that the best way to get the Nine to agree on a position today is for the United States to oppose it."

The European generations that, from their own adult experience, were deeply committed to the European Idea are passing from the scene; the gains from further integration are not altogether obvious to their successors. But there are cogent new arguments. The range and scale of emerging problems like energy can best be met in a European framework. Acting in concert, the Europeans can establish a foreign policy presence of major benefit to the individual countries.

"I keep thinking we did take on quite a lot, trying to change course from a thousand years of history," observed H.R. Nord, of the European Parliament, whose own conversion to the European Idea occurred during World War II. "I'm not too frustrated after 19 years." But it should also be said that the easier things were done first, in easier times. It does no good to predict on the basis of logic or trends that there will be a united Europe. If there is any rule, it is otherwise: whether Europe is ready for unity, whatever the methods, depends upon only one factor—whether the Europeans want it.

A Presidential Man?

The Richardson Resumé

by Ian S. Menzies

As Elliot Lee Richardson, America's cultured handyman, was about to leave London, having just been named to his fourth cabinet post in six years—this time Secretary of Commerce—a British journalist, commenting on Richardson's 10-month ambassadorship, remarked, "he's really had no impact here at all." He described Richardson as having lost interest in the job when Kissinger declined to allow him to direct and oversee a US strategy in Europe and became "preoccupied writing a book" (soon to be published), adding, "he's been a lightweight ambassador for such a heavyweight person. Pity."

It is also a pity, however, that it did not occur to the British journalist, any more than it has to most observers in the US, to consider that Elliot Richardson may not be the "heavyweight" so many presuppose. There clearly exists a Richardson myth; not, in truth, built only by Richardson but by the press and the Eastern establishment and in particular by media executives who have long displayed a traditional fondness for charming, intelligent aristocrats who operate in that erogenous zone between high social visibility and equally high government office. And the myth arises from the premise that certain culturally acceptable people who attain certain civic, personal and scholarly distinctions must, by nature, be endowed with certain inalienable qualities, among them the ability to lead and govern others.

This only slightly democratized version of the "divine right" doctrine has seldom been challenged but, in the light of Watergate and the "unimpeachable" qualities of those involved, is much more suspect now than before. And where the presidency is concerned Watergate has shown that motivation must be more precisely weighted; that humanity and creativity, expressed as

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leadership, mean more than clinical intellect and collected attainments, compiled for power.

Elliot Richardson clearly seeks the presidency, and thus deserves our attention, and although not a primary entrant is still a circumstantial contender for '76. He has been looked on favorably by such opinion makers as David Broder, was not brought back by President Ford because of his knowledge of accountancy, and will most certainly be a candidate for the presidency or vice presidency in the years to come.

It might seem that we know much about Richardson, but do we? Did Richardson know much about Nixon, a man he admired? Richardson presents a puzzling profile even to those in Massachusetts who have observed and known him for years. He is, like Winston Churchill's epigrammatic characterization of the Soviet Union, "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." Nor is an analysis of Richardson made any easier by realizing that he has held 26 jobs in 28 years, admits to a nomadic lifestyle and tells his Harvard class that he would, at some point, "like to demonstrate that I can keep a steady job." Most men sporting such a volatile employment profile would be considered unstable.

At age 55 Richardson is trim, straight-backed, athletic. He invariably dresses neatly and correctly. He is outwardly Edwardian, personable, courteous and handsome, although weak eyesight tends to give him a sort of owlish scowl that makes it hard to detect much sign of animation. He is today a passable public speaker where before he was simply dull, but his words, invariably cautious and conditional, will never bring an audience to its feet. His low-key British style humor, although not frequent, can be effective and produce, with its contrasting relief, an almost overreactive listener response. He interviews well, may reveal little, but his answers, transcribed, read like an edited lawyer's brief, even to a sense of punctuation.

The Richardson myth would have us believe he is a liberal Republican, and for years his principal support in Massachusetts came from a coalition of liberal Republicans, intellectual Democrats and issue-oriented independents. But the bubble burst with his rigid hawkishness on Vietnam, losing him the respect of even some of his friends. It was not so much that Richardson fooled those who thought they understood him but rather that he allowed them to fool themselves, a form of gamesmanship at which Richardson excels.

Richardson, however, does display some genuine ambivalences. It has even been written that he was once an admirer of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and first considered a political career as a Democrat but found that field overcrowded. He does have conflicts of conscience but where humanitarianism confronts ideology the contest ends. It is in Richardson's childhood that some of the clues to his character and motivation may be glimpsed, and in his war service, but they unravel only corners of this enigmatic man.

Richardson was born in Boston, July 20, 1920, under the sign of the Crab which, astrologers say, indicates a "hard shell and an ability to nip," and is a far more natural sign for women than men, standing for intuition and introversion.

Richardson's mother, Clara (Shattuck) Richardson died in childbirth when he was two, and his father, a surgeon, suffered a disabling stroke when he was 11. He and his two brothers, both surgeons—medicine is the Richardson heritage—were brought up by a governess, an evidently unusual woman named Marguerite Brown, who left an indelible impression on all three boys, including a certain scorn for Brahmin names, of which their own is one, and for passive intellectualism. Miss Brown introduced middle-class achiever values to this wealthy social family whose members could well have afforded a dilettante or two.

Had it not been for Miss Brown, Richardson, in fact, might well have elected a fine arts career. His well-known doodling, which once infuriated Richard Nixon, is grounded in a love of art and he is an accomplished sketcher. He enjoys both reading and writing poetry, is a knowledgeable naturalist and a bird watcher. His major in college was philosophy. He recalls that as a boy he tried to impress Miss Brown by doing an inordinate amount of reading but "she shocked me by saying, 'anybody can read a book. Let's see what you can achieve.' "

The preparatory school he attended was not the more social St. Mark's or Choate but the more egalitarian Milton Academy, a selection Miss Brown may well have had a hand in. From there, quite naturally, he moved to Harvard, graduating *cum laude* with the class of '41. It was during those years that Richardson first talked of a career in "public service" although his style at the time—all the right Harvard clubs—suggested striped pants more than smoke-filled rooms.

We glimpse an Elliot Richardson at 21 whose natural bent apparently tended to the fine arts, philosophy, poetry, drawing and nature, adapting himself to the achiever demands of Miss Brown, exposed to the merits of public service at Milton Academy, while enjoying the social graces of Harvard's privileged, unabashedly elitist inner circle.

But there must have been something missing, a manliness challenge he felt he hadn't met, perhaps a failure to excel in sports, a need to prove something to himself and in war he saw the surrogate outlet, offering him the supreme test. Because of poor eyesight Richardson wasn't accepted for combat duty but volunteered for the Medical Corps serving with the 4th Infantry Division as a litter-bearer. He landed with his division on the Normandy beaches on D-day. The 18 months Richardson spent in the combat zone reveal something about him that gives substance to those who think of him as a sort of finely instrumented "time

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bomb" quietly ticking away within the framework of a neatly monogrammed briefcase.

Richardson was exhilarated by war. From comments he has made and from some who met him comes a patchwork picture of a man determined to prove himself, stimulated by the field of combat, playing his part with a sort of reckless abandon while coolly calculating the long term benefits of heroic survival. An Army doctor with whom he served in Normandy recalls Richardson saying, "I'll either come out of this war dead or a hero." Richardson took risks, knew he was taking them, but took them for a purpose. He walked through a mine field to bring in wounded, was blown up in a jeep, won the Bronze Star and a Purple Heart with oak leaf cluster.

But the Bronze Star did not satisfy him. He had hoped for the higher Distinguished Service Cross and was quoted in *Boston* magazine two years ago as having said, "it's the sort of thing that shouldn't matter but in the value system you become part of, I would have liked to get the DSC and I was really disappointed." Richardson's belief in the Puritan ethic—reward for effort—is not surprising but his view of the "value system" seems to place a distorted emphasis on trophy hunting as a sort of arithmetical means to an end.

And the warlike aspect of Richardson, the exhilaration he gets from taking risks, so thoroughly camouflaged by his seemingly controlled and emotionless exterior, came as something of a shock to many Massachusetts voters when they saw it displayed publicly for the first time in a dirty drag-out election battle for state attorney general that pitted Richardson against Francis Bellotti.

In that 1966 battle, Richardson, in the very last days of the campaign, accused his opponent of having been paid for legal services by an out-of-state insurance company, doing business with the state, while lieutenant governor. He charged Bellotti with "moral insensitivity" and a "possible violation of the conflict of interest law." Richardson's advisers tried to deter him from pressing the charges as polls showed him clearly in the lead but with the smell of blood in his nostrils Richardson refused, telling a reporter later that he got the same exultation facing down Bellotti as he did at Normandy where, he said, "I discovered my own need for combat." In an investigation that followed Bellotti was cleared of any wrongdoing. Richardson won the election but his image as "a scholar and a gentleman," at least in Massachusetts, suffered considerably.

And he had gone to great pains to build that image. On his discharge from the service as a first lieutenant he swung away from the family tradition of medicine, opted for the law, and in his two years at Harvard Law School became not only president of the status-conferring *Law Review* but also won the all-Harvard 165-pound boxing championship, displaying again his almost compulsive need for physical as well as scholarly aggression. Traveling upward on the value circuit he clerked first for Judge Learned Hand of the US Court of Appeals and then Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, who five years later recommended him, at age 33, to succeed James Bryant Conant as president of Harvard. That honor, however, fell to Nathan Pusey.

One could say that in 1949 Elliot Richardson "settled down," at least for a while. He joined the famous Boston law firm of Ropes, Gray, Best, Coolidge and Rugg, then three years later married debutante Anne Francis Hazard (who has the charm and charisma Elliot lacks), gave a course at the Harvard Law School and made his first move for public elective office, becoming a town meeting member in the wealthy abutting Boston suburb of Brookline. At this point and in consultation with his uncle, Henry Lee Shattuck, a Boston city councilman and for years the city's most powerful Republican boss, he looked around for a larger political opening. Finding none he headed for Washington as an assistant to Sen. Leverett Saltonstall, then chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Two years later he was back in Boston as an assistant to the then governor of Massachusetts, Christian A. Herter, who later became President Eisenhower's Secretary of State.

The work he did for such then politically powerful men as Saltonstall and Herter, which his independent means made possible, paid off. Richardson got two successive Eisenhower appointments, first as assistant secretary of HEW and then, two years later, as US attorney for the District of Massachusetts. He was now recognized politically as an "Eisenhower Republican," a GOP liberal, but by association rather than declaration. The subtle difference was never noted, however, and the myth of his liberalism grew.

It was as US attorney that Richardson first won some public, rather than just Harvard acclaim, as a princely Clark Kent, a cultured crusader, a man of breeding who would, nevertheless, fight the wicked—his judgment of Bellotti—and beat them at their own game. With his stern, unsmiling face, mirroring the Puritan ethic, he was perfectly cast for the prosecutorial role and the setting was dramatic, the Bernard Goldfine tax-evasion case, replete with stories of "vicuña coat" bribes and sufficient unsavoriness to force Eisenhower's confidant, Sherman Adams, out of the White House.

Richardson gained even more local mileage in the trial of Thomas Worcester, which unearthed deeply entrenched highway-contract corruption within the commonwealth. Worcester, head of a large local engineering firm, was found guilty of giving bribes to state officials to secure large highway contracts. Determined to discover to whom the bribes went, Federal District Court Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., took some unusual measures, including placing on public record grand jury testimony taken by Richardson, a move that benefitted the prosecutor but only

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because of Wyzanski's initiative. But the trial, although successful, barely touched the man it obviously sought, the state's most powerful Democratic overlord, the late Massachusetts Turnpike Authority Chairman William F. Callahan who, through the millions he could disburse in highway contracts, literally controlled the state legislature.

The Goldfine and Worcester cases, the one substantive record Richardson forged in Massachusetts, made him the fair-haired boy of the Boston press—although not of Frank Skeffington Democrats or even all Republicans—but he couldn't seem to take full advantage of his new acclaim, a recurring Richardson weakness. He sought his party's nod for the attorney generalship of Massachusetts in 1962 but lost by one vote at the GOP convention to now Sen. Edward W. Brooke. Richardson whined somewhat that his delegates deserted him at a critical time (the vote came late, at the end of a long hot day) and even implied that his former boss, Sen. Saltonstall, chairman of the convention, had been less than fair to him (positions he backed away from later) but he was stubborn enough and mad enough to enter the GOP primary anyway, only to lose out again to Brooke who won the election.

Two years later, this biennial man, having learned a lesson in party politics, perhaps too well, tried again and this time with party support was elected lieutenant governor on a ticket with John A. Volpe. In 1966, showing the team playing qualities that Chuck Colson assured Nixon he could depend on in Richardson, he agreed not to seek reelection as lieutenant governor but try for attorney general against Francis Bellotti as Brooke, who had bested him earlier, was now running for the US Senate. (If Richardson had declined party pressure to run for attorney general and instead sought reelection as lieutenant governor he would automatically have become governor as John Volpe left in mid-term to become Nixon's Secretary of Transportation. Instead the governorship went to Richardson's cousin, Francis W. Sargent, who had succeeded Richardson as lieutenant governor).

Whether Richardson felt he had been cheated of his just reward, as he did at Normandy, in sacrificing so much to battle Bellotti he has never said, but although he had sworn to press the fight against organized crime in Massachusetts he left as attorney general in the middle of his term with hardly a backward glance in order to join the Nixon team as Undersecretary of State. But under political pressure he actually succeeded in banning in Massachusetts, and by injunction elsewhere, Fred Wiseman's devastating film, which he had initially supported, on a hospital for the criminally insane, *Titicut Follies*.

It is hard to understand how, based on his record in elective office in Massachusetts, Richardson could return to Washington in '69 with the aura of superstar already so firmly around him. His performance as lieutenant governor: an organizational realignment of the state's health services to better accommodate new federal programs, including medicaid. That was it. As attorney general he had talked forcefully about organized crime but surprisingly had not even heard of, let alone read, FBI transcripts of bugged phone calls made by New England syndicate boss Raymond Patriarca of Rhode Island—some calls had gone to high Massachusetts government officials—until given copies by a Boston newspaper.

He did, very much in character, succeed in having the legislature pass a court-supervised wiretap bill and a witness immunity bill and he did bring in two criminal justice experts but his slow and meticulous pace produced few results. Frank Bellotti, the man Richardson fought so fiercely for the job of attorney general has done five times more in one year than Richardson did in two, including outdoing Richardson in his alleged specialty—departmental reorganization and improved professional management.

Bellotti, as a first order of business a year ago, ended the system of part-time lawyers in the attorney general's office, a system that had been tolerated by Richardson and others despite questions of conflict of interest. He has closed down ineffectual regional offices, hired outstanding assistants, including women, set up well-defined sections, developed a strong consumer protection division and drawn together other New England attorneys general in joint actions against federal oil pricing decisions and other "discriminatory" regional practices. Bellotti, who says he was "dirtied up" by Richardson "but came out stronger because of it," is exploding the Richardson efficiency myth every passing day and loving every minute of it.

The birth of the myth is intriguing in itself and some of those who helped produce it, and became disillusioned, now realize that it was founded on an image, the self-image of the Harvard-Eastern establishment whose members saw in Richardson what they would have liked to see in themselves, who were dazzled by his trophies, his style, his wealth, his intelligence, who shared his value system and concluded, as did he, that what he should be he already was. But Richardson was not quite what they supposed and that became clearer as he bounced in and out of more cabinet posts than any man in Washington history—Secretary of HEW, Secretary of Defense, Attorney General and now, after an interlude as ambassador to the Court of St. James, Secretary of Commerce. It's a record truly eligible for the *Guinness Book of Records*.

The first hint of a different Richardson than the one the Harvard-Eastern establishment had built in its own image came in 1970 when a group of friends and classmates visited him in Washington to plead that he intervene with Nixon to end the war. In a civil although quite passionate 90-minute meeting at State (he was Undersecretary at the time), they told him the war had become intolerable, the invasion of Cambodia inex-

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cusable; that not only was the country polarized but so were children from their parents; that the campuses were tense (Kent State was still vivid in their minds) and that people had lost confidence in the government. "Although we believed we made some impact," said one of the group, "we were pretty discouraged with Richardson's responses and his failure to show a sense of urgency. He gave us the administration line that Cambodia would hasten withdrawal, adding, somewhat pointedly, that critics were not making things easier for the President."

What occurred at that meeting spread rapidly through the Eastern inner power circle and exploded that part of the myth which had long identified Richardson as an "Eisenhower Republican," a GOP liberal, even perhaps a dove. He was not. He was a hawk, a hard-liner and totally pro-Nixon. Colson had known it but not some of his other friends. It came as a shock. And the shock was not so much that he was a right-wing Republican, which he was perfectly entitled to be, but that he deceived the liberal Eastern wing of the establishment into believing he was one of them.

For those more issue-oriented further tremors followed as they watched his behavior as Secretary of HEW, watched him humiliated time after time by Nixon, watched him accept his entrapments with weak rationalizations. Surely only his determination to stay in line for the greatest prize of all, no matter what, made it possible for Richardson to look so little like a profile of courage.

His worst entrapment was being repudiated by Nixon after he had publicly and personally supported a departmental proposal to cross-bus schoolchildren in Austin, Texas, as part of that city's desegregation plan. "It was awkward," he said, "but it didn't give me a problem of conscience." A child care bill that Richardson had supported also was rejected by the President. The Family Assistance Plan which would have guaranteed every American family with children a $1000 base, plus $300 for each child, a proposal pushed hard in 1970 by both him and Daniel P. Moynihan, was simply dropped by Nixon. Richardson, however, kept running up and down the Hill pushing the plan long after congressional leaders knew Nixon had lost interest. It made the Secretary look slightly ridiculous. The irony is Richardson could have performed well at HEW. He worked longer in that job than he had in any other, two and a half years, and because of his family background and interest in medicine and health care, as well as education, was well qualified to make a major contribution. But on his departure he blamed Congress, not Nixon, for his weak showing, a posture that assured him his next appointment but little professional respect.

Richardson's hard-line ideology also emerged very clearly during his tenure at HEW. He knew exactly what was wrong with the nation's health care delivery system but would not go far enough, being a rigid believer in Adam Smith, to approve the cure since that would have involved ending third party private enterprise insurance in favor of a social security type payroll deduction form of primary financing that would give the government the leverage to eliminate waste and redundancy and impose some order on the chaotic health care mess.

On leaving HEW he decried the welfare system as "downright cruel," conforming to his pattern of withholding critical eloquence to written postscripts.

His move from HEW to Secretary of Defense, for 112 days in 1973, just after the B-52 saturation Christmas bombing of Hanoi, simply confirmed Richardson's hawkish and slavish loyalty to Nixon.

Much has been made about Richardson's resignation as Attorney General but it was the only move Richardson could possibly have made. Emotional reaction by people seeing in it another argument to oust Nixon blew it out of proportion. Richardson, a man of loyalties, had no choice. If he had fired Archibald Cox who had been one of his teachers at Harvard Law he could never again have shown his face in Cambridge. He would have been totally ostracized by the Eastern establishment and he knew it. Even to have fired Cox and resign a week later, as Nixon suggested, would have been too compromising. No, Richardson knew, facing a fading Nixon, what loyalty came first. He did the right thing but the heroic motives attributed to him hardly seem justified by the facts, nor are they borne out by his reticent descriptions of those traumatic times before audiences who have come to praise him but who leave let down.

Only recently has Richardson come close to any critical statements about the man who for so long he openly admired. He now says had he been Mr. Ford he would not have granted Nixon a pardon, would have demanded a full disclosure, but not sought to send Nixon to jail, almost the exact procedure he himself followed in dealing with the resignation of Spiro Agnew as Vice President and one for which he was criticized by his own staff among others. He also now speaks of "flaws in Nixon's character," of his "secretiveness and manipulativeness" but reserves the strongest moral judgment for Nixon's "rootless and amoral staffers."

Where is this enigmatic man, a victim of manipulation himself, a superstar only in the sense that he's survived, a man who serves his peers before the public, bound for next? The President is obviously holding him in the wings, perhaps to replace Kissinger, a job he would like; perhaps as a vice presidential running mate, knowing that despite his hard-line, right-wing stance, the public still believes him to be a liberal. But what Richardson wants is the presidency. Nothing less will truly satisfy him, can wipe out his losses, restore the image he has of himself and win back the respect of the Harvard-Eastern establishment he prizes most.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Winter Roundup

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (20th Century-Fox). Experience is the curse of American artists. In this country more than most others, artists have been enjoined to create from personal experience: to write (or paint or whatever) about what they know. Henry James fired a shot at that fallacy 90 years ago in "The Art of Fiction" but failed to sink it. The worst of it is not just that artists feel lashed to their firsthand experience but they take its use as proof of their worth.

The situation is differently and more sharply painful in American film, which has so long suffered from *lack* of the personal—either in experience or impulse or both. Now that the analogies with American fiction and plays are beginning to spill into our film, that lack is being supplied with a lot of banality, alas.

Paul Mazursky wrote, produced and directed *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*. In craft, that's pretty personal. We're told, coyly, that it's personal in subject, too: that the hero "bears some resemblance to Mazursky." In 1953 a young Jewish fellow breaks loose from his Brooklyn parents to take his own apartment in the Village: he wants to be an actor in the theater but he gets a part in a film, while he has an affair with a girl and sees life in the raw. This means having a suicidal friend, consciously befriending at least one homosexual, being offhand about drugs and abortion, saying "I love you" instead of "I like you," and—in 1953—not flinching from talk about diaphragms.

All this daring is especially dated in relation to Mazursky's real daring: which is his gall in giving us yet another Jewish-mother-and-son story. Once more we get the whole routine of love and hate, flight and return, protection and strangulation—and any other antithesis you care to append. Mazursky's coolness in using this material that is by now stale even for revue sketches—simply because (presumably) it happened to him—is the most remarkable part of the whole picture.

All I cared about were three actors. Christopher Walken plays a philandering poet and, for the first time on screen, registers at least some of the power he has in the theater. They haven't yet learned how to photograph him—he's much better looking on stage—but some of his leopard ease and secrecy comes through. Lois Smith, who was Jack Nicholson's sister in *Five Easy Pieces*, plays the suicidal friend and, as usual, charges her scenes with immediate emotional truth. Ellen Greene, a *jolie laide*, plays the hero's girl with sex and humor.

But the hero is played by Lenny Baker, an actor who never seems quite distinguishable from the scenery. Antonio Fargas plays the homosexual tritely, including the trite breakdown-and-confession scene. And there's Shelley Winters, with brown hair and blubber, giving a stock Jewish mother performance, full of stagily "real" mannerisms. Unbearable.

Mazursky made a fairly good sentimental piece in *Harry and Tonto* where he got away from his age group and personal experience to some degree. But his *Blume in Love* and *Alex in Wonderland* were pasted all over with pleas for praise because they were honest about what the author "knew." There wasn't much else in them, and there's not much else here. (Except the homage to Fellini that runs through Mazursky. Like the hero of *8½* this boy kisses his mother passionately on the mouth in a dream scene.)

The Slap (Silver Screen). Speaking of learning how to photograph people: this French picture shows obliquely how good François Truffaut and Nestor Almendros are. Isabelle Adjani, who is Adèle in *The Story of Adèle H.*, made *The Slap* earlier, and neither its director, Claude Pinoteau, nor his cinematographer, Jean Collomb, saw all the possibilities in her face. True, this is not a period romance—it's about Paris today; and true, Adjani's face here has life and beauty, but it seems merely two-dimensional where her later collaborators seemed to find three.

The script, by Pinoteau and Jean-Loup Dabadie, is one of those patchwork affairs that still come from France and Italy, a story like one of those party games in which a sheet of paper is passed around the room and every player adds a paragraph of his own. Scene by individual scene, however, it has some pleasures because the actors are so good.

Adjani is an 18-year-old medical student, mercurial, warm-hearted, funny. She is capricious with boyfriends. She lives with her father, played by Lino Ventura with his customary reticent strength. (If he would get less egregiously false teeth, he might be another Jean Gabin or Spencer Tracy.) She does/doesn't go to live with her estranged mother, played by the ever-enchanting Annie Girardot.

The picture paddles around in generation-gap and youth problems. It doesn't come to anything, but glints of insight and charm keep it from being tedious.

The Killer Elite (UA). Will we have to set the annual Sam Peckinpah review in standing type, allowing only for changes in proper nouns? *Again* he shows in his new film that he is a wildly talented director. *Again* he has chosen a dully sensational script whose only utility is its chances for menace, killing and male-masterly sex.

Like *Three Days of the Condor* this story is about intramural CIA skullduggery, with the slight difference that it deals with a CIA subcontractor. In execution it differs a great deal more. James Caan, the hero here, is a hairy-meaty joke compared with Robert Redford, while Peckinpah is several light-years ahead of Sydney Pollack, the *Condor* director. Philip Lathrop has photographed *Elite* eloquently: for instance, the "mothball" fleet outside San Francisco, where the

Films Worth Seeing

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Ken Kesey's dubious mental-hospital allegory, but Jack Nicholson gives one of the memorable performances in US film history.

Lina Wertmüller. Three films by this Italian writer-director are now on view: *All Screwed Up* (1973), modern Milan macerates young people; *Swept Away* (1974), rich yachtswoman and poor sailor on desert island; *Seven Beauties* (1975), a Neapolitan in WW II. All are imperfect, but all contain marvels—especially the last—and all confirm the eruption of a unique and stunning talent.

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last sequence takes place, looks like a monument of dynastic mystery, positively pharaonic. Ted Haworth, who designed Peckinpah's *Billy the Kid* so well, has done differently well here: note how the paintings on the boss' office wall help to unify the wide-screen compositions.

Peckinpah knows everything about filmmaking—past the point where it is knowledge. But his recent work is like hearing a virtuoso pianist at practice, doing double octaves and runs and trills. Dazzling, but where's the music? Either in cynicism or bankruptcy, Peckinpah carelessly flings himself here into an empty instance of contemporary private-eye banality, and makes us spend a couple of hours alternately admiring and mourning.

The Hindenburg (Universal). Confession time. I have always felt morally implicated in the destruction of the *Hindenburg*. I saw the giant dirigible flying over Manhattan on May 6, 1937, on its way to Lakehurst, New Jersey, and as I watched the swastikas on its tail gloating over the city, I wished that the damned thing would blow up. A few hours later at Lakehurst, boom.

Whether or not this confession intrigues you, believe me it's more exciting than the film that Robert Wise has made on the subject. It's not, strictly speaking, a disaster film in the *Earthquake* vein: the disaster comes only in the last 10 minutes. Up to then it's a shabby *Grand Hotel* script, with Good and Bad Germans and a cargo of red herrings. Wise had two problems: 1) how to get and keep sympathy when the first thing we see in the picture is that swastika; 2) how to hold interest when we know in advance that the only real excitement will come at the end. In both jobs he has failed miserably.

The large cast includes George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft who have never been less interesting. The complicated story—which I think is meant to be the "true" explanation—did not relieve me of my private connection with the disaster.

Gibbon's Bicentennial

This is a great year for Bicentennials in the Anglo-American world: the death of David Hume, who has been reborn as a pivotal figure in our contemporary schools of analytic philosophy, the publication of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which has won the plaudits of economists as diverse as Karl Marx and Milton Friedman, and *memento mori*, the appearance of the first volume of Edward Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The works of Hume, Smith and Gibbon can still be read with profit and pleasure (without the forced piety that must accompany the recital of Jefferson's rather trite summary of "self-evident" truths and catalogue of grievances against his rightful king). Though their writings, composed when philosophy, economics and history were still literature, are not an integral part of the daily life of our technical-scientific civilization, they can be trotted out three times every hundred years, on the anniversary of a birth, major publication date and death. This niggardly chronological recognition befits a present-minded culture that is becoming indifferent to the heroic figures of its intellectual past. By contrast, the papal establishment is profligate, with four holy years a century concentrated on the birth of Jesus alone.

Honoring Gibbon, some 20 priests, bishops, cardinals—and a few popes and anti-popes—of academic scholarship, specialists in the history either of the ancient world or of 18th-century thought, foregathered in Rome to reconsider the man and his achievement. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Institute of the Italian Encyclopedia acted as hosts at this closed conclave. Later in the year *Daedalus*, journal of the academy, will publish the papers that were presented, after the savants have had a chance to digest their colleagues' criticisms and, I would suppose, to give them short shrift. The assembly was reasonably cosmopolitan by Gibbon's standards: that is to say, English, American, Swiss, French and Italian. At the six formal

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sessions not a word was uttered about the relevance of Gibbon's work for 1976, though a few innuendoes may have sneaked into the texts. In 1781 Gibbon included at the end of Chapter XXXVIII his famous "General Observations on the Fall of the Roman Empire in the West," in which he raised and finally dismissed the specter of another collapse of European civilization (though in customary manner he tinctured bold assurances with adverbs of doubt—"perhaps," "probably," "possibly"); but there was virtually universal reluctance among the *érudits* convened in Rome to use the *Decline and Fall* as a tract for our times—that would have been much too obvious.

On the evening the conference opened, the Italian Government fell. Rome, with a bright moon illuminating its ruins, churches and palaces, was unshaken either by the meeting of the scholars or by the government's demise or by the fact that 1976 is the 1500th anniversary of the actual fall of Rome, when barbarian mercenaries deposed the last Western Roman emperor, the boy Romulus Augustulus. There may yet be more falls to be assimilated by the noble Romans.

At the first meeting Arnaldo Momigliano of University College, London, one of the most distinguished contemporary historians of antiquity, established the vital importance of Gibbon in modern Italian historiography. The inaugural presentation took place in a hall on the Campidoglio under the stony gaze of a few dead pontiffs, and the conferees were duly photographed on the steps where Gibbon, so he tells us in his autobiographical memoir, conceived of his daring project in 1764. Other work sessions were held in a grand chamber of the Palazzo Mattei-Paganica with crucifixes at either end, an antidote to Gibbon's blasphemies. Gibbon would have enjoyed the copious and graciously served food and drink, though he might have found us participants a bit pedantic, if judged by the criteria of his favorite London clubs.

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Edward Gibbon stood up remarkably well under three days of autopsy. Even Sir Steven Runciman, the eminent historian of the Crusades, who blamed Gibbon for fixing the black legend of Byzantium in European historiography, came as an admirer. Bernard Lewis of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study found Gibbon's treatment of Mohammed respectworthy in the light of 18th-century knowledge of Islam in the West. When Peter Brown of Royal Holloway College, London, proposed to consider Gibbon as the last citizen of the antique world, the 18th-century scholars demurred *sotto voce*. John Clive of Harvard on Gibbon's humor and his collegue G.W. Bowersock on Gibbon's changing attitudes toward the revolutions of the empire, Francis Haskell of Oxford on his influence in the conceptualization of art history, Owen Chadwick, master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, on the complexities of his relationships to the great Catholic historians who had preceded him, Jean Starobinski of Geneva and Robert Shackleton, Bodleian Librarian, on Gibbon's relations with French literary culture, Giuseppe Giarrizzo of Catania on Gibbon's minor works, rounded out the fulsome intellectual portrait. Peter Burke of the University of Sussex traced the general *topos* of decline from the Renaissance thinkers through Gibbon. Two young Americans, Martine Brownley from Emory University and David Jordan from the University of Illinois wrestled valiantly with the enigmas of his person and probably lost.

Reflecting on the proceedings, I came away with the feeling that there remains much to learn about both the man and his work. One of the few 18th- or 19th-century historians who still touches us, Gibbon merits a full-scale and imaginative scholarly treatment. Our understanding of his personality is constricted by the taboos of Victorian biography, and when questions were raised in Rome about the nature of Gibbon's sexuality and its possible relationship to his style, there was skepticism and, among some, even a muted indignation. The image of the bookish Gibbon clashed with the public, rather vain figure of society. The thesis of Stephen Graubard of Brown on the polarities of Gibbon and the vitality created by their tension won general approval, though there was dissent about some of the characterizations. Gibbon's sociology—his attempt to understand the society of the late Roman world and above all of barbarism—gave rise to radically different interpretations at the hands of J.G.A. Pocock of Johns Hopkins and Francois Furet of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes in Paris. The religion of Edward Gibbon was seen to be far more of a problem than is suggested by the standard clichés about his faith or lack of it. Gibbon's theatricality was conceded, but it had different meanings for a positivist and a psychological historian. The genius of the man was acclaimed, its mystery was not penetrated. The Rome conference was a historians' festival at which men of the 20th century paid homage to a past master, though not without perceiving his warts and his foibles. It is likely to lead to more extensive exploration.

A period when magnificent works of historical literature are rare is a good time to open one's Gibbon again, to be caught up in the grand architectural sweep of his conception and delight in the passing parade of emperors, churchmen, barbarian chiefs—vignettes graced with wit and enlivened with marvelously malicious touches that keep the reader from nodding.

And in 1976, out of earshot of our academic colleagues, we may be tempted in secret to ask again Gibbon's awesome question: if the Roman world collapsed, what is to keep European civilization from decline and fall? Few of the consolations he offered in the 18th century seem pertinent today. His paradox that new barbarians would have to become civilized in order to overcome Western military technology is rather corrosive ointment for the wounds of the older civilization. His dream of buffer states to protect Europe has evaporated. The progression of knowledge, which in one of his youthful works he saw mitigating the fury of injustice, has unloosed powers of good and evil that join the furies as often as they quiet them. Should wars among the great nations erupt, there is even grave doubt about Gibbon's ultimate solace to his civilized contemporaries—that in the unlikely event of European disintegration, men would at least not regress to the state of anthropophagy.

But if Gibbon can no longer comfort us, the "awful spectacle" he unfolded can still admonish those who hold the reins of empire.

Frank E. Manuel

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Books Considered

André Malraux by Jean Lacouture translated by Alan Sheridan

(Pantheon; $12.95)

The French, it has been said, have always been poor biographers. If this be so, Jean Lacouture is an exception. A journalist and professor at the Institute for political studies in Paris, his biography of André Malraux follows three major biographies of political figures of legendary stature: Ho Chi Minh, De Gaulle and Nasser. Malraux is a cat of a different color, although he has claimed connections with the first of these and was for some years closely associated with the second. He is only marginally a political figure, but of all the French writers of his generation, he is the one who has tangled most visibly with the political trends of the age. He has played a kind of "loser wins all" and thrown out prophecies and warnings in regard to our historical fate.

Malraux's personality burst upon the American scene in 1937 when he toured the United States to speak on behalf of the already lost cause of the Spanish Republic. He then appeared to his audiences as the romantic revolutionary, the "novelist-commissar" who had participated in revolutionary movements in Indo-China and China; now a colonel in command of a squadron of foreign volunteers fighting against Franco. This amalgam of truth and fiction (he was indeed a colonel in the Spanish air force, but had never been a commissar nor fought in China or Indo-China) is typical of the web of legend, often spun by Malraux himself, based upon his strangely chaotic and multifaceted career, and his oracular speech and writing. This is the web Lacouture had to unravel. He is not the first biographer to have attacked the problem: Malraux's mythomania is common knowledge. But his is to date the most complete and thoroughly documented account of Malraux's life in which facts and their metamorphosis in Malraux's writing are thoroughly sifted out; and without the slightest acrimony or bias. Lacouture is no hagiographer. He respects facts, and he also respects a man who is certainly one of the more unusual figures of our era, a man of high talent endowed with something that for want of a better word one can only call genius—chaotic, unsettling, uneven. And one is grateful for the discretion with which he touches upon the problems of Malraux's private life and tormented personality.

Lacouture is neither a literary critic nor a historian of art. He situates Malraux's novels in relation to the novelist's experience at the time and to the socio-political context to which they relate. He has his own preferences: *Man's Hope*, in his eyes, is the greatest of Malraux's novels. He has little to say concerning Malraux's visionary meditations on art. What he does is to give an exhaustive account of Malraux's interests, comportments, actions, writing; of his connections and their impact; of the polemics and movements in which he is involved. His documentation is meticulous and he quotes generously from press cuttings hard to come by.

In this respect there is a considerable difference between the French and the American versions of the biography. A wealth of detail, of allusions to persons, books, events has been dropped from the American version, no doubt because these would have meant little to the reading public on this side of the Atlantic. These deletions in no way blur the main lines of a story whose development is as fantastic as any fiction but a picaresque fiction long on episodes, short on plot. Malraux's path, from the time he was in his late teens on, seems to have crossed just about everyone's. A "loner" in some ways, he was by no means a solitary figure; but he was a dreamer and a man of ambition who made heroes out of such contemporary figures as the early d'Annunzio or Lawrence of Arabia. Like many young Europeans of the post-World War I generation—more than most—he was tuned to the heroic. From beginning to end his life might have come out of a novel by Dostoevsky, whom he greatly admired, retouched by Hemingway, for whom he entertained rather ambiguous feelings. There are times too when one feels as if Malraux were some kind of Batman.

For his personality is elusive and hard to circumscribe. There is much good-natured humor in Lacouture's reconstitution of the preposterous young dandy of the early '20s engaged in various sometimes dubious ventures to stay financially afloat in the feverish atmosphere of the post-war world; and in the biographer's gentle debunking of Malraux's later obfuscations concerning his background. That the young man was born to anything but a bourgeois life is plain, along with his passion for books, his chaotic erudition, his love of luxury and his dreams of adventure and profits in far-off places. How the newly-married young Malraux set out with his wife—both in their early 20s—to plunder the sculptures of the Khmer temple of Banteai-Sre is a matter of common knowledge, which was thoroughly explored by Walter Langlois. Lacouture's account of the expedition proceeds by a judicious juxtaposition of fact—he knows the route to Banteai-Sre well—and an alignment of many texts. He brings out without any need of further comment the rather pathetic naiveté and the quite inexcusable illegality of the two young "bandits." His method of approach is clearly apparent in his treatment of the episode, and it remains constant. He assembles the facts; then proceeds to what one might call a superimposition of texts that relate to the episode: Malraux's own successive versions; his wife's account; the accounts of observers, sympathetic

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or hostile. And he refuses to interpret the episode in the perspective of Malraux's subsequent fame. Throughout the book he refuses to impose consistency where he sees none: "I am not trying to find Malraux faithful to himself in spite of himself," he notes. But he only very rarely, as in the Indo-China episode, impugns Malraux's good faith. He sees him, as he sees De Gaulle, as "a realist of the imaginary." Thence the very human sense we get of the semi-desperate, semi-chimerical adolescent adventurer of the '20s; a sense that pervades the book.

It is to the older Malraux, the tirelessly militant antifascist of the '30s; the courageous combatant in the Spanish Civil War; the *maquis* colonel and commander of the Alsace-Lorraine brigade during the Allied offensive. If even in those years the legend sometimes outstrips reality, the reality described is impressive enough to warrant the deepest respect. It is with great tact and fairness that he proceeds to the last political episode in Malraux's career: his relation with De Gaulle.

The great fascination of the book, apart from the actual light it throws on the facts, lies in the vivid evocation of the half century of world history, political and ideological, in which Malraux so passionately wished to partake; that he wished to shape to some degree while testing and building his own "self." "What distinguished us from our mentors, at 20," Malraux said to Lacouture in a 1972 interview, "was the presence of history. *We* were surrounded by corpses; for *them* nothing had happened . . . " The consciousness of that presence of history came somewhat more belatedly to Malraux, as Lacouture shows. Nonetheless it is at the core of his lifelong search for a transcendental meaning of the human fact in a post-Nietzschean age. That Malraux did not find that meaning in action, as he had hoped—though action gave him a sense of belonging to a fraternal community—is Lacouture's thesis: "action never gave him what he expected of it . . . He sought extreme consciousness at the peak of experience. He did not find it there. There lies his failure." Thence, according to Lacouture, Malraux's appeal to the "world of statues." For Lacouture—and his point of view is plausible—Malraux is haunted by the ghost of his lost Christian faith; his life is then bent, as a battle on successive fronts, to raise a rampart against the specter of futility: "A struggle against the irremediable defied by heroism, denied by fraternity, transcended by art?" he queries. "I am not trying to offer *'the'* definition of the life of André Malraux . . . " But it does seem to be the definition he suggests. There is more perhaps to Malraux's vision of the great cultural mutation of our time. For some time now, Malraux's fame has been in eclipse. Lacouture's book may be the source of a renewed interest in the enigmatic figure and thought of one of the last great French witnesses of a century now on the wane.

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Up from Communism by John P. Diggins

(Harper and Row; $20)

This volume is an interesting, although incomplete, study of the political and intellectual development of four reputedly major figures in American radical thought. The most significant feature of their lives, in the view of the author, a professor of history at the University of California at Irvine, is that they were all Communists who ended up as collaborators or editors of the *National Review*. The cumulative impact of these ideological transitions from communism to conservatism is described as a momentous shift in the history of American radicalism. The outcome of this voluminous study, however, is not altogether clear. Have the protagonists really betrayed the ideals of freedom, individuality and human welfare which led them originally to embrace the Communist faith? Or have they remained steadfast to them in their moral revulsions at the poisoned fruit of Leninist dogma, and in the blindness of their disillusion unfortunately become victimized by another deceptive ideology? Professor Diggins himself seems uncertain.

As one who has known, in varying degrees, all the principals here discussed, who has participated in the intellectual and political movements in which they were involved, heard all the arguments of all the radical political

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sects and grouplets, I must pay tribute to the diligence and unflagging zeal with which the author has attempted to reconstruct the history of American radical thought in the last 50 years. Diggins has read almost everything. Future historians of the evolution of radicalism in the 20th century will find in his scholarly account of the political odysseys of these four figures invaluable references to source material. Whether this biographical approach, however, is the best way to present the evolution of American radical thought is open to question. For, if *Up from Communism* is designed to establish that "out of the ashes of the old American Left" there arose "the new American Right," it is demonstrably mistaken. The overwhelming majority of the old American Left—regardless of how loosely defined—has remained left of the democratic center. By and large, its members have moved from revolution to reform not to reaction or even to the conservatism of the *status quo*. What explains their shift is not apostasy or opportunism but, on the one hand, the unanticipated development of the mixed economy of the welfare state, and on the other, the transformation of their Socialist dream into a totalitarian nightmare.

Diggins has done his best with the available material but he does not really capture the climate of opinion and feeling of the periods he describes. The dry bones of the printed record are indispensable in checking accuracy of detail but it rarely conveys the quality of the lived political experience. The difference between the exalted idealism of the Communists of the '20s, putting their careers and sometimes their very lives on the line in a relatively affluent economy, and the Communists of the '30s, converted more by the consequences of the economic depression and already sensitive to the promises of power, are not conveyed in these pages. Neither is the enormous influence of the Communist party and its transmission belt organization in the cultural life of the '30s; nor the euphoria of the '40s in which the erstwhile Communist outsiders and their sympathizers lived in happy political concubinage with an establishment that pictured the denizens of the Kremlin as democrats who spoke with a Russian accent—a period in which, Daniel Mebane, the then treasurer of *The New Republic* referred to Norman Thomas, among others, as "a Judas" for criticizing Stalin's terroristic regime; nor the lonely and dangerous fight of those who sought to expose the Moscow Trials as frame-ups and who subsequently insisted that the Soviet Union should be supported as a co-belligerent against Nazi Germany, not as a democratic ally of the US. All this is not adequately communicated.

Acknowledging the reportorial fidelity of Diggins' account, one must question his judgment that Eastman, Dos Passos, Herberg and Burnham were "the intellectual leaders of the Old Left." This is far from being the case. Eastman had little political influence, and even that dwindled when he was isolated from left wing intellectuals by the Communist party campaign against him upon his return from the Soviet Union bringing the earliest views of Stalin's machinations. Dos Passos was always a literary fellow-traveller. Herberg was never more than a sectarian functionary until struck by the vision of God. Burnham's influence as a Marxist was restricted to the Trotskyists and their periphery. His distinctive writings were directed against the ideologies of the Left. For good or bad, the intellectual leaders of the Old Left from the late '20s to the late '40s were men like Norman Thomas, A.J. Muste, yes, even Earl Browder in the sense that their writings and the line of their organizations were far more influential among intellectuals than any or all of the persons discussed by Diggins. The sad truth is that the political persuasion of most left-intellectuals owed more to their visceral reactions to events than to reflection on ideas or argument. They left the thinking to their political mentors. How often did I hear "intellectuals" furiously exclaim at me: "Who are you to criticize Foster on trade union strategy or Stalin on international affairs?"

More serious is Diggins' failure to use terms like "liberalism" and "conservatism" consistently. They stand for families of meaning, and it is questionable whether, without tying them to specific historical contexts, their use can be illuminating. The ambiguity is compounded when conservatism is contrasted with radicalism. The result is that Dos Passos, the rebel and libertarian anarchist, turns out to be *au fond* a conservative. "His transformation from a radical to a conservative [is] more apparent than real" because he claimed that the true aim of the diverse radical movements to which he was drawn was "to restore the dignity of the man who did the work." This would make William Morris and Karl Marx conservatives,

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too. It suggests that liberals, if not partial to idlers and drudges, despite their talk about the dignity of man, were indifferent to the dignity of the worker. Even the most sympathetic reader will be bewildered by Diggins' conception of conservatism. On one page he tells us that "to be a conservative means to become aware of the historical dimension of knowledge, to nurture, revere and defend those values and institutions of the past." This will surprise liberals and conservatives both. The first because they are usually fallibilists in their theory of knowledge and critics of an unhistorical Utopianism; the second because many conservatives do not "nurture, revere and defend" slavery, absolute monarchy, theocracy and other tradition-drenched institutions of the past. On the next page we discover that "one of the highest principles of philosophical conservatism" is "consciousness, the ability of mind to become aware of itself and to create value through conscious human choice." This may be read either as an apt expression of Sartrean existentialism or, if the choice is rational, of Dewey's emphasis on creative intelligence in morals and society. A strange conservatism that!

Indeed, as a liberal I find that Diggins tends to characterize conservatism much too attractively in the light of its historical expressions. If wisdom consists, as he properly says, "in the recognition of the tragic limitations inherent in the human condition," it is not the hallmark of "the conservative intellectual" but an integral element in the life of reason itself. Both analytically and historically, Diggins would have reached sounder conclusions had he conceived of liberalism in its broadcast sense as faith in the capacity of human experience to develop by the arts of intelligence, out of its own resources, the standards of a satisfactory life in a just and open society. Conservatism denies the capacity of man to do this unaided by revelation or tradition.

Another disappointment is Diggins' failure to come to grips with the shallow positivism of Eastman, the otherworldliness of Herberg, and the neo-Machiavellianism of Burnham. The latter has skillfully restated the iron law of oligarchy, enunciated in various ways by Pareto, Mosca and Michels, according to which democrats (or Socialists) may be victorious but democracy (or socialism) never. Instead of resorting to sociological analysis or Crocean irrelevancies about myths that concede the position, he would have done better to point out that on their definition of democracy, the conclusion of its impossiblity is almost a tautology. Even in the purest and most direct form of democracy, some powers must be delegated and are, therefore, subject to abuse. Granting that in the nature of the case, political power in fact is always exercised by an organized minority, the crucial question is whether and how easily ruling elites may be peacefully removed. Rule or be ruled! does not exhaust the spectrum of alternatives open to the citizens of a democracy. Who is to rule, over what, for how long, by what methods, under what conditions does not depend upon a simple iron law of organization but on a plurality of factors including the willingness to fight for freedom by those affected by the consequences of rule or misrule. The iron law can sometimes be bent and twisted to serve the interests of the majority.

On the whole, Diggins strives to be fair to those whose evolved positions and doctrines are distasteful to him. He recognizes that the world of 1917-18 both in the US and USSR, in relation to which the ideas that inspired his subjects took shape, has been profoundly altered, and that only those incapable of learning from historical experience could remain frozen in the thought patterns of the past. But there are lapses even in his treatment of Eastman whom he treats, on the whole, more kindly than the others. Eastman was wrong in his failure to condemn McCarthy and McCarthyism after the record of the latter's irresponsible exaggerations had been exposed, but to rebuke Eastman "for indulging in the right wing cant of equating communism and fascism" is palpably unfair. What Eastman was saying is that a genuine liberal or democrat must in principle oppose both fascism and communism even when the exigencies of the defense of freedom make it necessary, as Eastman did, to support Stalin against Hitler.

Nor can Eastman be faulted for preferring the Chinese Tammany Tiger, the regime of Chiang Kai-shek—in the absence of a more democratic alternative—to the Communist Tiger. After all, authoritarian regimes can be overthrown sometimes with ease (*vide* Portugal and Greece) but there is no record of any Communist regime ever being subverted. Their terror is too stark and efficient. Eastman was wrong about Hegel, Marx, Freud, Hayek and the science of revolution, but to his everlasting credit, he was among the first to reveal the true face of Communist terror under the mask of democratic rhetoric. In the circle of ritualistic liberals, *i.e.*, those who were anti-Fascist without being anti-totalitarian, this required greater moral courage—in his day as in ours—than to denounce capitalism or espouse communism.

Burnham was wrong about the managerial revolution, in his predictions about the outcome of World War II, and the coming defeat of communism. But simple justice requires that in declaring Stalin to be Lenin's heir, despite Lenin's testament disinheriting him, Burnham was more right than wrong.

Finally it seems a pity that Buckley should be cast in the role of an ideological Svengali merely because he gave house room to those whose God had failed them. I am confident he would cheerfully admit that he learned more from them than they from him. Buckley was seduced by Whittaker Chambers into believing that faith in metaphysical and theological ultimates was essential in the struggle for peace and freedom despite all the historical evidence and logical arguments against it. If it is true, as Diggins says, that "in the cold war the American writer, even the conservative writer, rises to the liberal values of freedom and individualism [read individuality]," that should be basis enough for limited cooperation at least in the field of human rights at home and abroad regardless of Buckley's views about God, Devil, man, Yale, Aquinas and Adam Smith.

Diggins' parting shot against Buckley badly misfires. As against those who have urged unilateral nuclear disarmament by the West with the slogan, "Better Red than dead," Buckley has retorted, "Better the chance of being dead than the certainty of being Red." To which Diggins objects with the charge that Buckley is using the "language of inevitability" and invoking "the certainty" of Communist victory. But, this is a perverse misreading. The certainty of Communist victory follows only if one is resolved to surrender to a Communist ultimatum and proclaims it in advance. What Buckley is clearly saying is that if this is posed as the only alternative—and a wise statesmanship may avoid both alternatives—the willingness to risk life in the defense of freedom is preferable to Communist victory, among other reasons because it reduces the likelihood that we will be faced by such grim choice. This is an argument for multilateral nuclear disar-

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mament under international controls to reduce the threat of a nuclear holocaust. After all, until now, worldwide peace and the survival of freedom has been preserved not by appeasement but by willingness to resist nuclear blackmail. The depth of the Sino-Soviet rift which has led to an implied threat by the Kremlin to use nuclear weapons suggests the possibility that even capitulation may not ensure survival, that if we are unwilling to defend the free world, we may end up all Red and all dead.

Sidney Hook

Sidney Hook's most recent book is *Revolution, Reform and Social Justice* (New York University Press).

Stark Young: A Life in the Arts, Letters, 1900-1962 ed. by John Pilkington

(Louisiana State University Press; 2 vols., $50)

The letters of Stark Young (1881-1963), poet, translator, dramatist, play director, fiction writer and dramatic critic, almost a thousand in number, have been superbly edited by John Pilkington of the University of Mississippi and beautifully produced by the Louisiana State University Press. Pilkington has identified even the obscurest "cousin" to whom Young wrote, and his editorial errors are negligible.

Stark Young had talent but not genius. His poetry, his plays, and his essays and fiction except for *So Red the Rose* have passed into the oblivion that overwhelms merely meritorious writing; and though he was one of the eminent theater critics of the last half century, in the long annals of English literature, only Coleridge and Hazlitt are remembered for commentary of this sort. Young was quite as good as Hazlitt, but the sorrowful truth is that not only is theatrical reviewing ephemeral, but also that Young's poetical sensibility turned into hostility toward American realism. He was equally indifferent to social and political issues.

Late in life (1956) he wrote B.H. Haggin that Stravinsky said of him (Young), "*Il sent tout*," and "I like that better than anything I ever heard said about me." He lived a life of sensibility, but he too frequently forgot that others have feelings also. It was well enough to wish to stay in a Sicilian monastery overlooking "an old, violet sea" (1917), but it was not necessary to write Julian Huxley (1924) that Marion Le Roy Burton, president of the University of Michigan, "is vulgarity itself" (Burton had just established a fellowship in the creative arts for Robert Bridges), nor to tell Alexander Meiklejohn in 1932: "You were the last civilized influence in Amherst," a college which had employed Young from 1915 to 1921, nor to say to Allen Tate (1949) that he, Young, had persuaded Meiklejohn to take on Robert Frost at Amherst for six months, adding: "I don't dislike him [Frost], but this solitary thinker and humorist business makes me laugh . . . for a time he quite loved me. That was before he came to Amherst to find I had all the good students."

He chronicles at wearisome length the in-fighting at *The New Republic* from 1917 to 1947, offers a choice variety of anti-Semitic remarks, butters up potential reviewers of his own books, sometimes suggesting what they should say, and (to others) finds fault with "dearest Ellen Glasgow" for doing likewise. Eventually he quarrels with a

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good many correspondents.

So much for the weaknesses of sensibility. What of its virtues? Young was, in his prime, one of the finest theatrical critics in New York. He understood the art of acting and the craft of play-writing, notably of theatrical speech. He translated plays from the Italian and the Russian with skill. *So Red the Rose* is less concerned with the Civil War than with a family pattern so complex that Young devotes most of a letter to Maxwell Perkins (1934) to listing the characters and their relationships; and if no personage is memorable, the novel is a leading title in the Southern literary renaissance. He admired the work of Allen Tate, Ellen Glasgow, Julian Huxley and others. His concern for members of his own family was constant, patient and just. He bore the physical misfortunes of his declining years with good humor and gallantry. Two or three of these letters, longer than the others, make an admirable *apologia pro vita sua*. Perhaps he was born too late or into the wrong country. He would have adorned the 1880s and the 1890s.

But these volumes have another and unsuspected value. They are a remarkable revelation of the culture, the prejudices, the predilections, and the values of the lower South in the first decades of this century. They show that the "mind of the South" (a vile phrase!) may have been parochial but it was not provincial, that its colleges lagged in research work and a modern curriculum but preserved humanism and literary culture, and that if most relationships were, so to speak, too personalized for an industrialized society, good manners are or should be as important to the life of this republic as its gross national product. Pilkington has done more than faithfully print a literary worker's letters; he has given American historians an invaluable documentary aid to the writing of cultural history.

Howard Mumford Jones

Howard Mumford Jones' most recent book is an anthology, co-authored with Bessie Jones, *The Many Voices of Boston* (Atlantic Monthly Press).

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Children of the Sun by Martin Green

(Basic Books; $15)

The shapers of the high culture of the Western world after World War I included no Englishmen. Martin Green recalls his disappointment on seeing a photograph in the Picasso Museum in Barcelona which shows Picasso in Venice with Diaghilev, Cocteau, Stravinsky and others. "I noted that there were Russians, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, but no Englishmen in the group, and then realized that if there had been one, . . . at best it would have been Sacheverell Sitwell or Lord Berners." As Green sees it, English culture during the generation after 1918 was dominated by an intellectual temperament which defied and rejected the traditional, stolid English virtues. Its impetus came from postwar Eton and Oxford, as well as from France, but it was often an attenuated modernism, exemplified by Evelyn Waugh's effete Anthony Blanche (*Brideshead Revisited*) and Ambrose Silk (*Put Out More Flags*).

Green's makers and shapers are often dandies, preoccupied with style, in love with high manners, rebellious against Victorian seriousness and Edwardian hypocrisy—*Sonnenkinder*, to use the author's cult term. Such a temperament had been on the verge of developing broad influence during the 1890s—to Max Beerbohm "the Beardsley period"—but had been snuffed out by the Wilde debacle. Although the earlier movement had been premature and abortive, it had its continuing impact upon precious young English intellectuals whose fathers had made the comfortable incomes they accepted and lived the "hearty" way of life they rejected.

The related cults of the dandy, the esthete, the *naif*, with their appurtenances of foppishness, homosexuality, immaturity, irresponsibility, flamboyance and decadence are Green's theme, which he expounds upon basically through the biographies of two *Sonnenkinder* whom he finds both colorful and central—Harold Acton and Brian Howard, both gifted and gregarious but neither having made more than a belletristic impress upon their generation. Howard—a minor poet and critic—committed suicide in France in 1958 after the death of his homosexual lover. Acton—at one time a novelist and art historian—has long since returned to *La Pietra*, the Florentine family estate of his expatriate boyhood, where he has written the two volumes of his *Memoirs of An Aesthete*, which, with Osbert Sitwell's multi-book autobiography, remain the best first-person accounts of the milieu.

That Acton became *Sir Harold* in 1974 is an index to the inevitable assimilation of the *Sonnenkinder* into the English scene. Eventually the young men (and some women) from establishment families, with their correct school—and blood—ties, became establishment themselves, dominating the review media, influencing publishing and the arts, even emerging into government, some, like Waugh, turning conservative as they aged.

For better or worse, the impact of those Green sees as the circle of Acton and Howard has been considerable. John Betjeman is not only *Sir John*, but poet laureate. Auden, Waugh, Isherwood, Spender and Day Lewis (the late poet laureate) have left their mark upon literature, as have the Etonian types who deliberately went in the opposite direction, such as Orwell, who declassed himself in order to find his artistic voice.

Few consciously cultivated failure, yet some appear, with the self-destructive Howard, to have succeeded only in the splendor of their unsuccess. Most spectacularly there was the erratic and alcoholic Randolph Churchill. Less so were Harold Nicolson, whose marriage to Vita Sackville-West left each free for homosexual amours but gradually undermined his diplomatic and political careers; and Socialist theoretician John Strachey, who began as a dandy, switched political parties too often, yet finally made it—briefly—into cabinet office. Nicolson's cronies made more headlines. "Kim" Philby, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, ostensibly diplomats and writers, spied for England while actually serving as Russian double-agents. Their old-school-tie friends suppressed their suspicions for years, apologizing for them even after they publicly defected to Moscow.

Some *Sonnenkinder*, brash as the others at the start, shrewdly kept their temperaments under control as they balanced ambition with estheticism—a Cecil Beaton or Oliver Messel in fashion and design; the three Sitwells in writing, despite the domination of the theatrical Edith; a William Walton or Constant Lambert in music; a Kenneth Clark or Anthony Blunt in art criticism; a Cyril Connolly or Peter Quennell in literary criticism; even an Anthony Powell or Ian Fleming or Graham Greene in fiction.

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(Greene nevertheless wrote loyally of his friend Philby, "Who has not committed treason to something or someone more important than a country?")

As the aging dandies and rebels reached for respectability, savored the success of their contrariety or declined into exile or defeatism, one survivor of their generation (a Cambridge-educated Russian emigre) published what Martin Green considers "the great novel that justified dandyism, *Lolita*. Here are all the moral and immoral patterns of stress and emphasis, and the reader breathes the heady atmosphere of the dandy's defiance of Reality—including all traditional truth and goodness—without sacrificing his memories and anticipations of other modes of experience." Nabokov's artistic strength lay in his independence from those elements of decadence which were peculiarly English. Yet to Green, it is Vladimir Nabokov, whose ties to English *Sonnenkinder* were nonexistent, and whose literary sensibility was completely European, who was "the one great contemporary artist of their party." Their party? That he should be singled out as the triumph of the dandy temperament in England is perhaps the culminating irony of *Children of the Sun*.

The achievement of many in Green's crowded gallery of gifted youths is pitifully meager, given their extraordinary opportunities. Whatever their liabilities in terms of the world of sexual inhibition and artistic philistinism which they had to confront in their formative years, their compensatory advantages were many. Other artists in their generation did more with less, a fact Green skirts:

> *What I have implicitly argued,* he concludes, *is that the tradition of the decent* [straight? traditional?] *man must, to renew his vitality, now admit to a much freer and easier relation with the dandy than before. . . . The man of culture needs to shift his terms of allegiance in order to keep alive and alert to everything around him. He needs, to take the most important instance, to let his sense of humor interact with his serious sensibility. His rigid disapproval of dandyism, his self-distancing from it, needs to be relaxed. He needs to work out a vocabulary of feeling that can accommodate the meanings of Waugh as well as those of* [D.H.] *Lawrence.*

Green's campaign appears to be fought after the war has ended. For all their heresies in life style, especially in their formative years, the surviving *Sonnenkinder* are burdened only by titles and honors, and their younger successors, even when trying hard, have rarely succeeded in stirring up moral outrage—an emotion clearly on the wane. The "esthetic" temperament in all its manifestations is inseparable from contemporary artistic creativity and criticism. At its extremes, however, for which the dissipated, degenerate—and self-defeated—Brian Howard is the exemplar, that temperament is no more reconcilable with advances in artistic sensibility than whatever is its opposite. At the core, then, *Children of the Sun*, especially as a narrative of waste and excess, is a profoundly sad book. Poorly proofread and edited, and only intermittently engrossing, it will remain useful nevertheless as an opening wedge into the more serious examination of that curious and influential post-1918 generation which the continuing survival of so many of its principals still largely inhibits.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub researched Harold Acton's English expatriate Florentine Circle for his *Reggie* (1965).

Whole Earth Epilog
ed. by Stewart Brand and friends

(Penguin Books; $4)

By now nearly everyone has heard of the *Whole Earth Catalog*. Its editor Stewart Brand won a National Book Award. Over a million and a half copies of the last *Catalog* have been printed. Now Brand is back with a look-alike, what amounts to Volume II of the *Catalog*, the *Whole Earth Epilog* bound in the same familiar cover—the blue earth against a black background.

In 1971, just as *Catalog* was reaching its apex of popularity, Brand ceased publication. He did so in order to give an impetus to similar publications and because he was unsure whether the "need" for the *Catalog* still existed. The "need" remained and escalated with the economy but no other publication came forward to do the comprehensive job the *Catalog* had. This led Brand to a consultation with The Throne—Brand: "What next?" The Throne: "That was it." And so the work of the *Catalog* was continued in the *Epilog* (hence its pagination 449-768).

Brand has always been concerned to match his works to the "needs" of the whole earth constituency and the times, both of which are different now from what they were when the *Catalog* began in 1968.

Consider the change in the whole earth constituency. The back-to-the-land movement that the *Catalog* abetted led ultimately to the meeting of Charles Reich's Consciousness I and III and produced a queer offspring—Consciousness IV, the planetary reactionary. This character can be found most clearly in "Coevolutionary Quarterly," the companion publication of the *Epilog*. Here the hypnotic charm of the reactionary apocalypse is a weird hybrid (the Red Menace has given way to planetary nightmares by hip eggheads of ecological and economic collapse and produces an analogous hypostasised politics (my planet right or wrong, love it or leave it). The survival stories of swarthy men's magazines cross over into cautionary accounts from those who have taken to the hills, and the fascination with survival gadgetry of the citizens-band radio crowd appears in the "Quarterly" as dope-smoking engineers awaiting the arrival of the laser outhouse. The planetary reactionary is certainly different from the orthodox variety, as different as the change in California's governors, but is still a far cry from the radic-libs of the '60s.

The times have changed too and their "needs" correspondingly. The *Catalog* provided the means and dreams for those who suffered the psychic dislocations of Aldous Huxley's character Savage, of *Brave New World;* who became disgusted with a kind of Nixonian paternalism, packed up an assortment of tools and staples (there is a *Catalog*-like list in the novel), and fled to an island. Now Ford is in the White

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House and the exchange has been something like Ozzie Nelson for Mephistopheles. Simultaneous inflation and recession finds its psychic equivalencies, and books for career changers and the suddenly single are selling well. In the midst of these decrescendos of a once ascendant America—when Walter Cronkite seems like an Oswald Spengler reporting The Decline of the Best—Huxley's statement that we need a new weltanschaung seems an appropriate assessment of the requirement of the times.

The search is on for a new weltanschaung and some have found their needs answered in Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan, Scientology's Ron Hubbard, the latest Eastern émigré. Brand's "Quarterly" is full of brilliant progress from the pioneers: Stanislav Grof's work mapping consciousness during death, Stephanie Mills on the salon as a new style of community, etc. And it is with these new weltanschaungs that Brand himself is fascinated.

Brand has always had an ear for the pronunciamentos of wild-eyed men, and the wilder the better. He willfully embraced Buckminster Fuller as the godfather of the *Catalog* over the protestations of purists who claimed those tetrahydrogenalwhatever domes were out of place in the woods and scared the squirrels. Now Brand has adopted another cybernetic godfather, Gregory Bateson, in whose slide rule prose he has found another Big Picture which serves as the inspiration for the *Epilog*.

But it is to Brand's credit that he has never become a freak so livid about his Big Picture that he could poke your eyes out in the name of World Order because of his privileged view. Like the editors of the *Encyclopédie* who printed plans for wool mills so that anyone could build one, the *Catalog* and *Epilog* mean to give everyone access to tools and ideas and to do away with privilege. And Brand's publications have always served as "pointers and not sellers."

But with the iterative posture the *Epilog* has taken as an on-going addition to the *Catalog* Brand may have backed himself into the impossible task of pointing to everything. A lot of the *Epilog* is about other books. There are pictures of books. There are excerpts from the best parts of books. There must be thousands of these condensations. The distillations reach such synoptic proportions that the next step would seem to be microfilm editions of the *Catalog* and *Epilog* for backpacking readers (together they weigh nearly five pounds).

There is a danger in the over-ambitiousness of Faustian dike-building. Prudence and selectivity can be forgotten and many have suffered the whim-whams as a result: Phaedrus in Robert Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, Mickey Mouse's one man bucket brigade in *Fantasia*. This is the danger and frequently the tragic flaw of bourgeois cultures that want to be on top of things and cannot stand loose ends. It is a mentality whose only orgasm can be that of the first astronaut who observed the blue earth smaller than his capsule's window.

But Brand has saving graces despite the fact that it is the same earth-smaller-than-the-frame that appears on his publications. Among these are his concerns for others' ambient needs, his ear for maverick Big Pictures, his declassifying approach to privileged knowledge, and his impeccable posture as a pointer not a seller. And despite the Faustian ambition of the *Epilog*, quotations from Job appear on the cover as well.

If there is any reason our weltanschaung is failing and requires a new one in its place it is that it impossibly believed in, or insisted upon, a stultifying and unpluralistic control over loose ends. The *Epilog* is both a symptom and cure for that.

Jerry Griswold

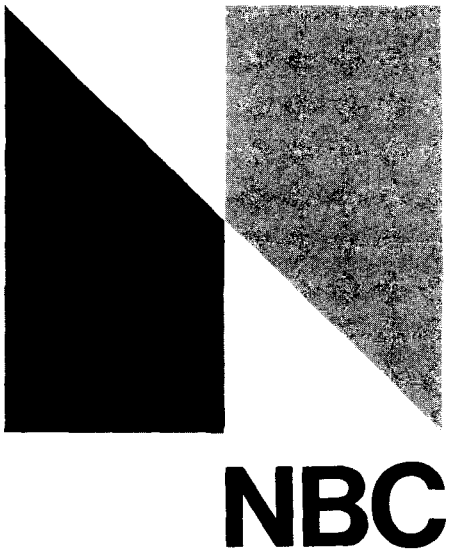
Jerry Griswold teaches children's literature at the Univ. of Connecticut.

The Back of the Book

A Frame of Adamant

We were looking for an abstract contemporary symbol, a graphic that would say quality. We needed a color symbol of our own. The peacock belonged to us, of course, but it had become generic for color television; we wanted something distinctive for NBC color. As you see, the N opens up to a window frame or any number of shapes; and it's easily standardized among the various stations. We think it important that the N stands alone.

They explain these things, the publicity people at NBC, and do not at all sound as foolish or technocratic as the evil heart might wish. Tastes change, they point out. They had reasons for seeking their new logo, which were related to presuppositions about our feelings. A symbol appears in the culture when thought is unnecessary, as a sign of unexpressed or inexpressible agreement. Behold the N, then, not your run-of-the-mill n, nor the N before a name, nor a working N like nitrogen, nor a flourished or illuminated N: merely two blocks side by side, like great chipped rectangles. This figure, they say, was made for us.



Every era has its shapes, the lines and arcs of houses, dresses, tools, gadgets, cars, the human body itself, that say something good and congratulatory about the times. The '30s, to which our '70s are most often, if wrongly, compared, developed a peculiar curved line as its sign. This was the "streamline" given to planes and trains for the better

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use of air currents, and to ash trays, vacuum cleaners and pencil sharpeners for no use at all, except to pep them up and suggest that every object had its dynamism. The streamline was simple, self-assured and progressive, a machine-age line that believed in the things it formed.

We don't see it used much now, and have not for some years. The sight of certain old bridges or movie houses with their seats jetting forward toward the screen reminds us of how energetic and innocent the streamline was. Now the curve has been taken out of that line, and the line has been solidified to form a square block or rectangle, with no curves. We see it in our houses and toasters. Yet this is a machine age too. The sign has changed, so have the times, but the desire for abstraction is still with us.

What do these blocks mean? Assume that they, like streamlines, say something good about the decade; what are we proud of now? One doesn't read motion in blocks or cubes, or innocence for that matter. The form is too militant, not merely stable but satisfied. It says, I have come so far but no further, and is not obliged to explain itself. Nor is there any panic in its rigidity, as in the lines of modern paintings. These blocks have been scumbled over with a firm sense of stature. They are a celebration of the impersonal, a stand taking a stand.

So NBC studied these blocks and changed its logo. It lopped off the B and C of the original logo, which curve and flow, and went with the N. Practical reasons aside, their consultants feel that they have touched a chord of popular sympathy, a chord that will sound every time the little letter appears, which will be a great many times, a million, a billion. This N will have power, the nth.

Yet something there is that doesn't love an N. Say it. Say nothing, nil, never, no, nope, not, none, nein, nix. A negative consonant; even with exceptions such as nice, normal, nifty and natural, the nos have it. This particular N is less lovable still. The two halves of the figure lean on each other as if one were saying "it isn't done" and the other concurred. Its parts connect nothing with nothing, and are proud of their work.

The N stands alone, and not alone. Like all modern symbols it slips into what William James calmly called the "innumerable little hangings-together of the world's parts," our ceaselessly systemic universe. It feeds the system with its adamancy. What happens to a network that signals its outposts to hold the fort—not for a moment, but for years? The flow of information quickens, but the message stays the same. Eventually the message will become the outposts, freezing the network in the semblance of motion. Ice, ice, said Robert Lowell at Ike's first Inaugural, and that was a quarter century ago.

N was not always so adamant. The ancient symbol N is a contracted form of M, and comes from the Egyptian hieroglyph for water. When the Phoenicians took the N, they named it "nun" the fish. M became Mem, "the waters" because of the ripples in the letter. It was a sign of continuous and flowing life and of the millennium, a spiritual sea voyage to a knowledge of God. N, too, must have symbolized a spiritual sea, perhaps cleansing and rebirth. As a religious symbol it had a power of its own, reflected itself as well as what it stood for, addressed the conscious and unconscious. It was alive with desires that created it.

As for this N, it seems a symbol not of desires but of fears, not of hopes for the future but of an abhorrence of it. A symbol may contain what has yet to be expressed as well as what has been buried. See in this N a repository of past failures, and also see a stubborn colossus that treats inaction as philosophy. Like its forebear the figure is charged with spontaneous life, but the life is cold and expands only for traction. No ripples here: I am the enemy of progress, of common welfare and equal rights, of risk and trial—the living end.

Jeez buddy, it's only a symbol. What's in an N but the usual buck-rush, a touch of novelty, commissions for some ad agency, re-orders for the stationers; relax. I'll try. I will remind myself to relax every time I see the N at a White House press conference, the political conventions, busing riots and the UN. Even if I find it in my doorway one morning, so big and staunch that I may not be able to edge around it; even then I won't tell a soul. I couldn't say I saw it move.

Roger Rosenblatt

Coming
Irving Howe
on Lionel Trilling
Monroe K. Spears
on David Jones

Correspondence

Money and Sanctimony

To the editors:

I'm shocked! I can't believe it! Your comment "Money and Sanctimony" (*TNR*, Feb. 7, '76) attacking John Gardner for his great campaign to clean up our horrible system of political campaigns.

I am sure that not all of your editors take this position.

If you have taken a decided turn to the right, I am disappointed. I still can't believe it.

M.D. Harvey
Denison, Texas

To the editors:

It is ironic that the January 31st TRB column on William Loeb's smear tactics is followed by an editorial denouncing John Gardner. I can't recall ever seeing such vituperation in *TNR* before.

George Silver
Brooklyn, NY

To the editors:

Which is worse—the "sanctimony" of reformers, genuinely outraged by the role of MONEY in our national life, or the cynicism of editors of "liberal" journals? There are many people (millions!) outside of the "upperclass livings rooms" of John Gardner and ilk who are appalled and depressed by the *greed* of politicians, to say nothing of the corrupting power of money in our country at large.

Why should the Senate and the House of Representatives be composed of so many millionaires and rich men? (*The Christian Science Monitor*, Jan. 28, "Is The Senate a Rich Man's Club?") Why should Lyndon Johnson (or R. Nixon or Agnew etc. etc. etc.) leave public life rich, fabulously rich, men? Why should public trust, power and responsibility be necessarily rewarded with large cash emoluments?

I want to know the character of the people I elect to Congress and that includes the quality and extent of their *greed* for money and/or power. (They go

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together.) Your scorn for Harris, Shriver and all seems so utterly misplaced. It is not a prurient interest on the part of the public to want to know how rich its public servants are, or to know how rich they have become *in public office*. It is a realistic realization of the power of money to corrupt.

Take Sen. Javits (whom I have always admired). Sen. Javits nobly disclosed his income last year and *The New York Times* wrote it all up. He *legally* paid a mere $6000 federal income tax on an income (combined with his wife) of $92,400. Think how the average citizen feels reading that! Sen. Javits pays less tax than *we* do, and we struggle and slave, lose our jobs, face poverty-stricken old age, etc.

But how do we get some decent tax reform and economic justice if the entire Senate and House are filled with members who love the tax loopholes and are greedy for money? Liberals, like Sen. Javits!

Your editors talk as though politicians were Plato's philosopher-kings and exude scorn for politicians who are proud ("exhilarated") of not taking oil money. They *should* be proud! Who *wants* oil-money-tainted politicians? And you apparently cannot see the connection between Marion Javits's $67,000-a-year job for an Iranian Oil Co. and the fact that her husband is a US senator. Why on earth did they want to pay her the trifling sum of 67 G's if she didn't have "connections"? Why don't you enroll in one of those marvelous courses sponsored by the National Humanities Endowment people and learn a little about human nature and the love of power?

Your *scorn* for democracy's "fits of self-righteousness" does astonish me. Do we really want plutocracy? On the other hand, perhaps we should demand *greed* as the most important quality of character in our elected representatives inasmuch as greed is that wondrous human drive responsible for all the life-enhancing attributes of "free-enterprise capitalism."

What freedom-loving citizen would want to trust "self righteous" do-gooders like Fred Harris or Walter Mondale in public office? Their lack of acquisitions (money, real estate, stocks and bonds, motels, jewels, etc.) alone is enough to awaken dark suspicion. Why, they might even trod on the civil liberties of millionaires!

Jean Leighton
Bemidji, Minnesota

To the editors:

Good for you and the "Money and Sanctimony" editorial. It is about time someone popped the bubble of Gardner's pretense to a monopoly on either excellence or civic virtue. On the record, he barely merits a corner stand!

Alan Gartner
Northport, NY

To the editors:

I would like to object to the wording and tone of your editorial "Money & Sanctimony." Its snide tasteless remarks are right out of Bill Buckley, Jr. For the writer of this editorial to refer to John Gardner as "self-righteous" after the outburst of sanctimonious nonsense incorporated in this sermon is a rare height of hypocrisy.

There are grounds for objecting to certain parts and omissions of the new campaign financing law. There is no excuse for the shrill, graceless animosity spewed out by this editorial writer.

Never in the 20-plus years of my subscription life to *The New Republic* have I seen it sink so low. How could you do this to us?

Edward R. Cain
Scottsville, NY

To the editors:

Having been for many years a subscriber to *The New Republic*, I would be less than candid were I not to admit that I seldom agree with the positions taken by your editorials. It was thus an especially great pleasure to read your editorial entitled "Money and Sanctimony" which appeared as the lead editorial in the January 31st issue of *The New Republic*. I agree with just about everything it said.

Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff
New York, NY

To the editors:

The New Republic has a great tradition of thoughtful political analysis. With its editorial on Common Cause and its personal attacks on John Gardner, it damaged that tradition.

The remarks on John Gardner are gratuitous and can be ignored. His public record of leadership is known and citizens can judge for themselves. His books are available and readers can decide for themselves.

In its attack on the campaign finance law, *The New Republic* shows a surprising ignorance of how influence is exercised. Fortunately the citizens of the country are not so naive. They can understand Sen. Russell Long, who said, "Campaign contributions are an investment to be returned a thousandfold." The Supreme Court has upheld the campaign finance law in its essentials—a clear cut victory for all those who have worked so hard to clean up politics in this country.

The Common Cause law suit against CREP tracked down the secret corporate contributions starting with American Airlines. This story still isn't over, as the Gulf directors know. In total, 20 corporations, 28 executives, and one congressman have been found guilty. In 1972, 153 individuals gave $20 million to the Nixon campaign. In 1974 alone, 30 million Americans checked off one dollar each on their tax returns for the election fund. Under the new law, a few individuals can no longer buy control of our political system.

For the first time the presidential nomination process is not based on the ability of a few bankrollers to underwrite liberal or conservative presidential candidates. Small private contributions are matched with the one dollar tax check-off funds. No doubt this makes the large givers unhappy. But it enables independent candidates to compete. After all, something must be correct about a procedure in which David Packard loses his job as chief fundraiser for President Ford because he can't raise money in small amounts.

The New Republic's attack on financial disclosure is as ill-informed as Nebraska's Sen. Curtis, an all-out opponent of public disclosure. Curtis favors disclosure but only if it is given to the Senate Ethics Committee and kept secret from the public. Thirty-eight states have public financial disclosure laws, and approximately 160 House members and 40 senators are announced co-sponsors of disclosure legislation. The movement is gaining momentum in the Congress. It's a simple concept. As one way to build trust, let the citizens know the outside interests which elected and appointed officials may have.

A key leader in Congress for "public" financial disclosure is Rep. Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. Kastenmeier, an acknowledged national leader in protecting civil liberties and individual rights to privacy, strongly

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favors public financial disclosure "so that the people of this country can decide whether a federal official's interests may conflict with his judgment." That's basic accountability and plainly doesn't violate civil liberties.

Surprisingly, *The New Republic* editorial amounts to an attack on citizen action. The purpose behind the Common Cause campaign standards—supported by all major candidates except Reagan and McCarthy—is to help test leadership and an ability to govern, not to scrutinize private lives. The standards are designed to achieve a vigorous national debate on our priorities.

Ideas and campaign reform proposals from the public interest sector should be examined with the same critical scrutiny as proposals from the Ford White House, congressional conservatives and the oil companies. That's not the issue. But the tradition of Frankfurter, Lippman and Bickel always insisted on constructive alternatives to critical comments. That's the stuff of debate and discussion and that's what *The New Republic* has given short shrift to.

David Cohen
President
Common Cause

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Misrepresentation

The accidental omission of a passage in John Osborne's report (*TNR*, Feb. 14) on Secretary Kissinger's wiretap troubles may have created the erroneous impression that government attorneys are representing Morton Halperin in his civil suit against Kissinger and others. Halperin is represented by an American Civil Liberties Union attorney, John H. F. Shattuck, and two other lawyers, Walter B. Slocombe of Washington and Charles Nesson of the Harvard Law School.

The Editors

The Classifieds

Personals

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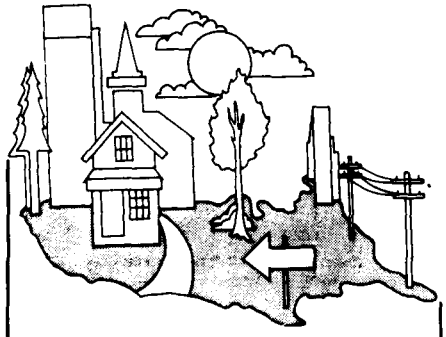

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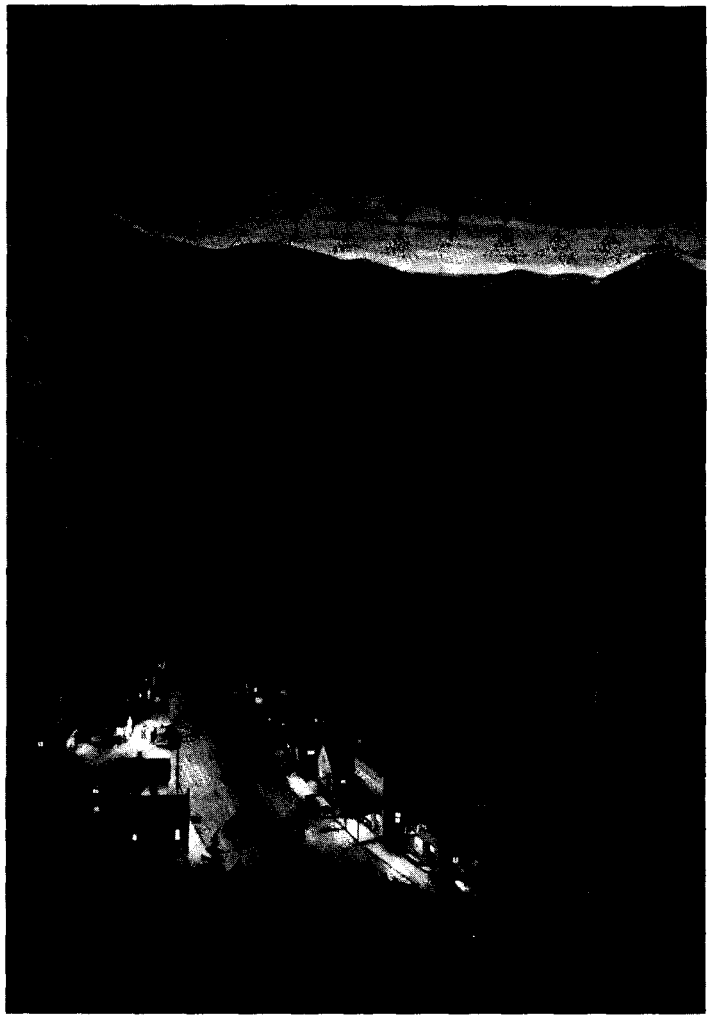

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